

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE

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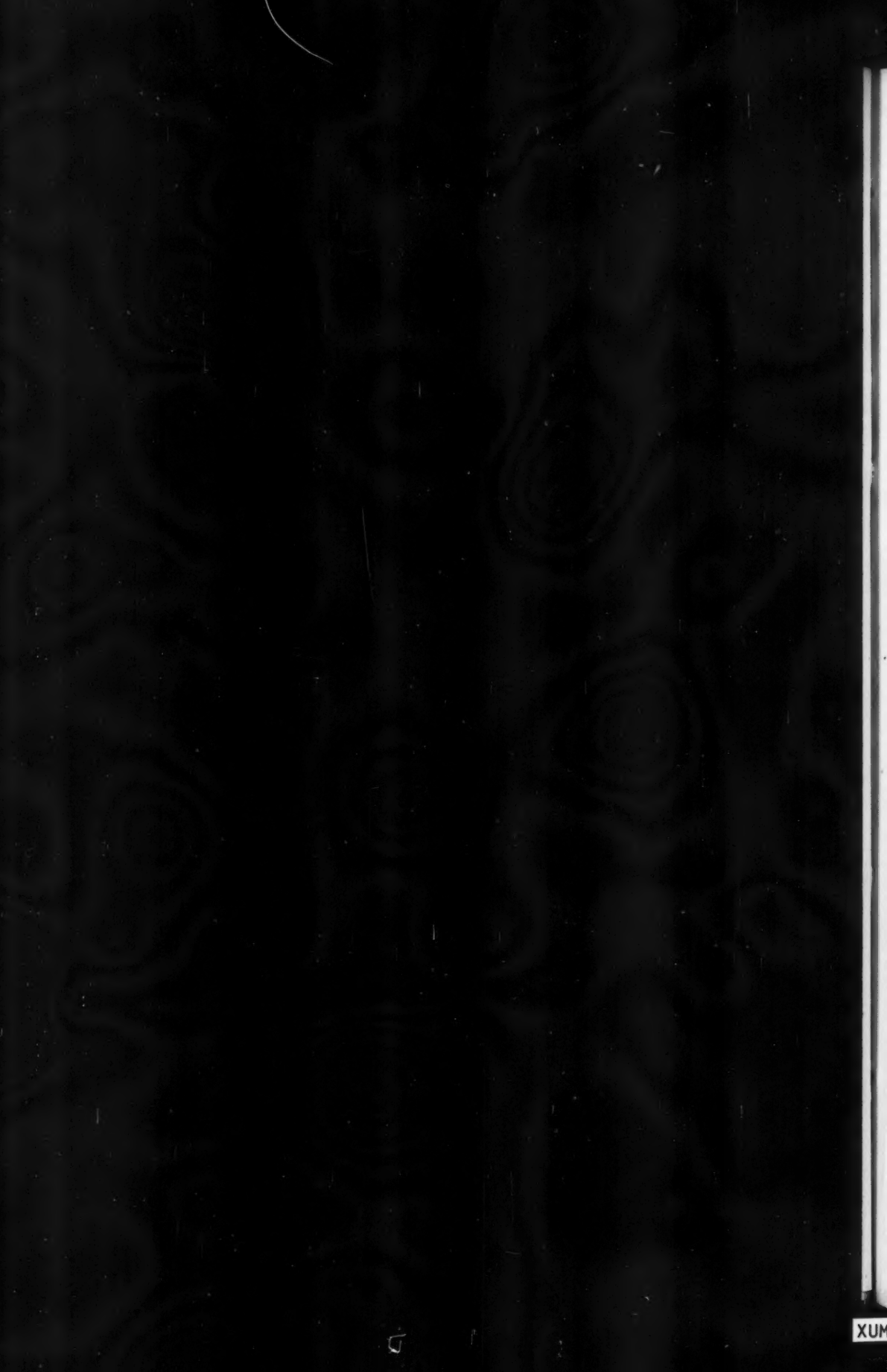
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TWO JUDGMENTS.

THE JUDGMENT OF TWELVE.

THE hot, heavy air, barely making the leaves of the elm-trees quiver as it passed through them, crawled in the open windows of the court-house, and with its heat and heaviness made the uninteresting case of the State of Maryland *v.* David Kerr quite a trial to the spectators. Not that the case in itself was devoid of interest, for it had been the main topic of conversation in Redstone for more than a month, but then the facts of the matter having been thoroughly discussed, the village had come to a verdict of guilty and it was a trifle tiresome to see the clumsy efforts of the law to bring twelve men to the same opinion as the village.

Therefore it was not strange that the judge yawned and that jury and spectators vied with each other in struggles against utter weariness. All the time David Kerr, the man charged with stealing one thousand dollars from the late Peter Gregg, sat with drooping shoulders, his eyes fixed on the floor. He paid little attention to the testimony or to the points made by the lawyers. In fact, if it was not that once in awhile he wiped his face with his handkerchief rolled into a ball and moistened his parched lips with his tongue, he might have passed for a man paralyzed in his chair. A strapping fellow he was, and although his face expressed utter despondency and dread, one would hardly take it for the face of a criminal. There was something true and candid about the eyes, something gentle

and kind about the mouth that was attractive. Still, with all his prepossessing countenance and with all the good record behind him, David Kerr was in a perilous position. Those twelve tried men were judges of the law and the facts, and, said the people of Redstone, the law was a queer thing if on such facts it did not convict. Now, the facts were these:

The late Peter Gregg was a wealthy farmer. He had begun life poor and stingy and closed it very much richer and very much stingier. In fact, he had been forced in late years to rent his farm for the reason that no one would work for him, owing to his generous ideas as to the amount of work a man should do and a very contracted estimate of the food and wages the said man should receive in return.

There was one exception—David Kerr. He had commenced to work for Peter Gregg as a boy and steadfastly remained in his employ. Now that the farm was rented and nothing retained save an acre around the house, he and Peter Gregg were frequently the sole inhabitants, David taking the part of cook and general attendant. As the people of Redstone deemed it impossible that any normal being could feel a liking for Peter Gregg, David's fidelity was the subject for awhile of wondering comment until it was suggested that he was fishing for a share at least of the old man's will. As none of the gossips had any possible show of being remembered in the aforesaid will, they

branded Kerr's conduct as most disreputable, and felt themselves called upon to denounce it in unmeasured terms. If Mr. Gregg died without a will his property would go to Mary Willard, his niece, who had been unfortunate enough to marry Jim Willard, a gentleman whose marked characteristic was a violent aversion to any kind of work, and as a consequence the Willard family lived in that style described as "hand to mouth." Mr. Gregg had had for years no intercourse whatever with his niece, owing to his dread of being asked for assistance, and he entertained considerably more respect for a rat than he did for her husband, therefore the gossips thought David Kerr had a very good chance to supplant Mrs. Willard in her uncle's favor, and denounced him accordingly.

In the winter preceding the events about to be related, Mr. Gregg found himself compelled to spend a little money in repairs, not to his house or barn, but to his own body. His health failed rapidly and Dr. Godby was called in. After stipulating that that worthy physician should only visit him once a week unless specially summoned, and should cease his visits altogether the instant any material improvement set in, Mr. Gregg submitted to be treated.

The improvement did not come, however, and Mr. Gregg grew so much worse that Dr. Godby felt it his duty to tell him that his heart was seriously affected and he had better put his affairs in order. Then, for once in his life, Mr. Gregg found his money a burden. In the absence of any method of taking it with him to the other world, he hated to hand it over to any one else, and his lawyer, John Andrew, who had always attended to his business, found him in a state of dire perplexity, and for weeks every suggestion of the lawyer was rejected. One day in February, however, when David Kerr was in the room, he told Mr. Andrew that he had made up his mind to

leave all his property to Mary Willard's children to be held in trust, principal and interest, until the said children had all reached the age of twenty-one.

"Perhaps," said he, grimly, "that fellow will have died of doing nothing by that time," alluding to Mr. Willard.

"Draw up the will, Andrew," continued he, "and I will sign it. Make yourself and Godby trustees."

"Are there no legacies?" inquired the lawyer.

"No; no legacies," was the reply, and the will was drawn up and signed, David Kerr being one of the witnesses.

Mr. Gregg continued growing weaker until the 12th of March, when John Andrew visited him to report the foreclosure of two mortgages and to tender him one thousand dollars, the amount received from the sales. The old man seemed very weak and the lawyer suggested that he should take the money to his office and put it in his iron safe until the bank opened on the morrow.

"No," exclaimed Mr. Gregg, "I'll keep it here," and in the presence of John Andrew and David Kerr he put the money in a sheet-iron box which he locked, then he put the box in a large chest, locking that also. Finding the old man disinclined to talk, the lawyer departed, Kerr accompanying him to the door. It was then just seven o'clock. At nine o'clock that same evening Dr. Godby, having been detained with a distant patient, called to pay his bi-weekly visit. Receiving no response to his rapping, he tried the door and found it unlocked. Ascending the stairs, he was horrified to find Mr. Gregg stone dead, lying on the floor, his head pillowed on the arm-chair in which he was accustomed to sit. After a hurried examination, which showed that life had been extinct for some time, the Doctor called Kerr, but neither call nor search could find him. Hurrying out, he obtained assistance, and a little later John Andrew arrived, having

heard the news in the village. With a lawyer's suspicions he hurried to the chest. It and the sheet-iron box were open and the money was gone.

Just as this discovery had been made David Kerr put in an appearance. He seemed greatly shocked at Mr. Gregg's death, and explained his absence as follows: Shortly after Mr. Andrew had left he carried a cup of tea up to Mr. Gregg. The old man said he wanted to see Mr. Andrew and bade him set off at once to fetch him. At that time Mr. Gregg seemed as well as he had been for a week, in fact, he said he felt better. He, Kerr, suggested going for the lawyer in the morning, but Mr. Gregg insisted on his going at once—he wanted to see Mr. Andrew that night. Accordingly he hurried off and had just reached Mr. Andrew's gate when he saw him in the moonlight driving down the carriage-road, and called to him, but could not make him hear. He had waited in the road as long as he dared, hoping the lawyer would return. Then, feeling worried about Mr. Gregg being alone in the house, he went home. In reply to Mr. Andrew's question, he said the chest was apparently locked when he left. When asked why Mr. Gregg should have sent for Andrew only an hour after he had been talking to him, Kerr showed considerable confusion, and said he did not know what the old man wanted with the lawyer.

Here were the facts, and the gossips of Redstone formed a chain of them thus:

First link.—David Kerr lives for years what must surely have been a most disagreeable life with the hope of inheriting a legacy when Mr. Gregg should die.

Second link.—David Kerr hears the provisions of the will and knows he is left nothing.

Third link.—One thousand dollars is brought to the house by Mr. Andrew and left there over night.

Fourth link.—The same night Mr.

Gregg is found dead and the money had vanished.

Fifth link.—No one save Mr. Gregg, Mr. Andrew, and David Kerr knew of the money being in the house. Mr. Gregg was dead, Mr. Andrew certainly above suspicion, and David Kerr—

Ah! the link must be completed thus—and David Kerr took the money.

David Kerr was arrested charged with stealing one thousand dollars from Peter Gregg, deceased. That was the law.

And the twelve men were to weld the law and the facts together and then render judgment, but the facts were so much more weighty in the eyes of the gossips of Redstone that the case, like a one-sided game, was played before it commenced in their view.

On that hot and heavy-aired 10th of May the case opened. Despite the uninteresting condition of the case, all Redstone was in the county town and many from other villages. Various styles of vehicles were tied about the court-house square, and crowds of farmers stood in groups and talked David Kerr, Peter Gregg, the crops, and the weather. Kerr was defended by Mr. Marshall, a very young lawyer, while the State's attorney, a shrewd practitioner, looked after the interests of the prosecution, and boldly claimed that he could beyond peradventure prove the accused guilty of the charge against him. Mr. Marshall made no sanguine claim, and seemed nervous and confused in his opening speech, which was attributed by the spectators to lack of any hope of success.

The testimony of John Andrew and Dr. Godby was in accordance with the previous statement of facts. On cross-examination by Mr. Marshall, Mr. Andrew stated that when he reached home from Mr. Gregg's on the night of the 12th of March, he found a message calling him to a client's at some distance from the village. Immediately after eat-

ing his supper he had started. He could not say what time it was when he left, as he did not look at his watch, but presumed it was about eight o'clock, possibly a quarter past. He heard no one calling and saw no one on the road. He judged that it would take a half-hour to walk from Mr. Gregg's house to his farm by the most direct route. In regard to the chest and money-box, he stated that there were no evidences of force having been used. Dr. Godby, on cross-examination by the defense, being asked how long he supposed life had been extinct when he found Mr. Gregg, said that he thought he had not been dead more than an hour or an hour and a half, qualifying the statement, however, by saying his first examination of the body had been merely sufficient to discover that life did not exist, then he sought assistance, and two hours elapsed before he could carefully examine the corpse.

The deceased died of heart disease, which might have been precipitated by a sudden shock.

"Was the countenance of the deceased contorted as if some violent emotion had excited him?" asked Mr. Marshall.

"It was not," replied the Doctor; "the countenance was perfectly composed as much so as if death had visited him while kneeling at the chair saying his prayers."

"Had death been hastened by violent fear or anger would not the countenance have likely been more or less disturbed?" inquired Mr. Marshall.

"Very likely, though the same disturbance might have been caused by a spasm of pain."

When the name of the next witness was called, Ruth Haggin, it had the effect of arousing the spectators' curiosity as to her testimony, for it was well known that she and David Kerr were betrothed, and it was surprising that she should be called by the prosecution. When she moved toward the witness-stand the accused

seemed to sink in his chair as if crushed by a mighty blow; his head bent lower, his shoulders drooped more, and not once during her testimony did he raise his eyes. Ruth Haggin was not pretty, but her irregular features were lighted up with such an air of purity and truthfulness that one felt strongly attached to her. Her voice was very soft and musical as she gave her testimony. On the evening of the 12th of March she had left Mr. Traver's farm, where she had charge of the dairy, to visit an acquaintance in the village who was ill. Time had passed rapidly and it was nearly nine o'clock when she passed Mr. Andrew's gate, which was on her way to the Traver's farm. Here she met David Kerr, who had walked with her to her house.

State's Attorney.—"Miss Haggin, you are on your oath to tell the truth no matter how unpleasant it may be. During your walk with the accused did he say anything about expecting to have or having any unusual amount of money?"

The big brown eyes flashed a pitying glance at the bowed form of the prisoner, then, bravely facing her interrogator, she said, clearly and distinctly:

"He told me he had good news; that Mr. Gregg had promised to leave him some money, and he had just gone for Mr. Andrew to alter the will."

"Was that all?"

"He said," continued she, "that when he had the money he would buy a little farm and we would be married."

On the cross-examination of the witness nothing was elicited to benefit the prisoner's case, and with Ruth Haggin the prosecution closed.

The court took a recess previous to the examination of witnesses for the defense, and the testimony already given was eagerly canvassed by the spectators. To the majority it was a foregone conclusion that the prisoner would be found guilty, and they resumed their attendance when court began with a slight feeling of pity

for this man so surely doomed to punishment. David Kerr took the stand to testify in his own behalf. His statement was as follows:

"After Mr. Andrew had gone I went into the kitchen and made a cup of tea for Mr. Gregg. After he had tasted it he looked me full in the face and asked me why I stayed with him. I answered that as I had been with him so long I would hardly leave him now that he was sick. 'David,' he said, 'you know how I have left my money.' I answered that I did. He was silent for a minute, then he said, 'David, I am going to change that will. I am going to leave you enough to get you a small farm, but you must be careful with it, David, very careful; money is hard to make and easy to spend.' I thanked him and promised to be careful; then he told me to go down to Mr. Andrew and tell him to come right up. I did not like to leave him alone at night, so I asked if I had not better go in the morning. He smiled and said, 'When I was old as you, David, if any man had said he would leave me some money I'd never have rested until I had it in black and white. You must go now. Tell him to come right up and bring the will with him.'

"As he was bent on it I agreed. He would not let me go out for some one to stay with him, so I started. I went out the back door. I thought I had locked the front door when Mr. Andrew left, but as Dr. Godby found it unlocked I must have forgotten it. Before I left the room Mr. Gregg told me to be sure and give the message to Mr. Andrew himself and to no one else. When I reached the front gate of Mr. Andrew's place, I saw in the moonlight his carriage going down the carriage-road. I recognized his white horse. I shouted to him, but he did not hear me. Then I waited, hoping he would return. By and by I began to worry about Mr. Gregg being alone, and then I thought of the money. If it had

not been for Mr. Gregg telling me to give the message to no one but Mr. Andrew I would have left word at his house. I worried more and more; finally I thought to-morrow would do as well as to-night to see Mr. Andrew, and I was about starting home when Miss Haggin came up the road. She was going my way, so I walked with her to Mr. Traver's gate and then went home and found Mr. Gregg dead."

Then the State's attorney began his cross-examination, but though the dejection of the accused was extreme, he was not confused. His answers were prompt and tallied well with his first statement. Finally the State's attorney held up a bunch of keys and passed them to the accused, asking him if he recognized them.

"I do," was the reply, "this large key belongs to the desk in the dining-room, this small iron key unlocks the chest in the bed-room, and the brass key opens the iron box kept in the chest and in which Mr. Gregg put the money Mr. Andrew gave him."

The State's attorneys sat down, and David Kerr turned to leave the witness-box. Suddenly he wheeled and faced the judge. The dejected countenance was gone, the drooping form was erect, and his voice was clear and distinct as, raising his right arm, he said:

"I did not touch the money. I don't know where the money is, so help me God in Heaven!"

As the words left his lips a bright flash of lightning glared in the court-room, and a heavy peal of thunder broke directly over the roof. It seemed as if God had recorded that terrible adjuration, and the instant glance of the haggard-faced man standing with uplifted arm in the tawny gleam of the lightning was fearfully impressive. Three men testified to the excellent character the accused had always borne, and the defense closed. It was then five o'clock, but the lawyers determined to close the case that evening, so the final

arguments were began. That of the State's attorney was lucid and cogent. He collected the meshes of the web of circumstantial evidence and wound them as tightly as he could about the accused. He described the disappointment of the man finding that he would have nothing left him in the will. Then came the temptation when he saw the thousand dollars put in the tin box. He knew the next morning they would be put in the bank and the opportunity gone forever. Wracked with desire he slowly climbed the stairs and entering the room found the old man dead—dead, for Dr. Godby said under oath the man might have been dead two hours when he found him. Then, the way clear, he takes the money and rushes from the house, concocting as he went the plausible (to him) story he has told.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "can you believe a careful, close man like Peter Gregg would change his mind so suddenly about his will, and insist, in his eagerness to leave this man some money, on the lawyer being brought to him at that unseemly hour. Again, no one save John Andrew, Peter Gregg, and the accused knew of the money being there. One was absent, the other was dead, and who but the last could have taken it?" Then with an eloquent appeal for the jury to uphold the law, he claimed a verdict of guilty. The spectators nodded and nudged each other during his speech and the jury looked solemn and impressed.

The speech of Mr. Marshall for the defense was a surprise. He was a very young man and therefore inexperienced, but in this case he showed great ability as a speaker. He spoke of the previous unblemished record of the accused, of his devotion to Peter Gregg when he saw no chance of any reward beyond his wages.

"Why may not this cynical old man," said he, "have wished to prove the affection of his servant for him. He

doubtless believed that he was actuated by a mere desire to obtain a share in his will. He dictates his bequest in his presence, leaving him nothing, and then watches him. He finds him as attentive, as faithful as ever, and he determines to reward him. Is there anything incredible in that? Is there anything incredible in a man, knowing he was afflicted with a disease that might any moment kill him, be eager to carry out his design without loss of time? Minutes may be days in such a case. We are not trying this case to find out where the money is. The law does not ask that. It asks if it can be proved that this man has taken it; if not, no matter where the money is, this man is innocent in the eyes of the law." He closed with another tribute to David Kerr's good character and asked a verdict of acquittal.

The judge's charge was very brief and the jury trooped out to consult. Gradually the night shadows crept in the windows and the lamps were lighted. Outside the distant thunder rumbled and the wind shook a dreary shower of rain-drops from the elm-tree branches as it rustled through them. Patiently the spectators awaited the verdict, while David Kerr, bent and depressed, still gazed at the floor. Then the jury were heard returning, and all save the accused eagerly awaited their judgment.

Silently they stood, those twelve judges of the law and the facts, with the freedom or imprisonment of a man in their hands.

"Gentlemen, have you agreed upon a verdict?"

"We have."

"What is your verdict. Is David Kerr guilty or not guilty of the charge made against him?"

"Not guilty."

A shrill whistle of astonishment rang out in the room. The State's attorney smiled contemptuously and the judge

looked dazed. David Kerr was free, innocent in the eyes of the law, and without a single congratulation he stood shunned and avoided in the street, and, raising his eyes to the stormy sky, he groaned:

"I am innocent in the opinion of twelve men and guilty in the eyes of all the world beside."

THE JUDGMENT OF ALL.

"STAY three days longer, David."

It was Ruth Haggin who spoke as they stood at the bars opening from the barnyard into the great pasture-field. The hot day was done, the stars began to gleam in the drowsy blur of the sky, and from the woods beyond came the nightly chorus of insects apparently singing a lullaby to the departing day.

"Stay three days longer," she urged. "Indeed, I am sure God will make your innocence clear as the noon-day in that time. Something tells me so, David."

He shook his head.

"You don't understand," he said, gently. "As long as the money is missing folks will hold that I took it, and now that four months have passed how can it be found?"

"David," she exclaimed, earnestly, "trust in God. When I stood on the witness-stand and told of what you said about hoping to have some money, it seemed to me that I was locking your prison-door and that every word was a bolt, but I felt so sure that you were innocent and that God would prove you so that I dared not offend Him by even trifling with the truth."

There was something powerful in the strong faith of the girl and it had its effect on David Kerr, although with him it was merely a vague hope without any faith.

"I'll stay three days longer," he said, slowly.

"If you go away," she continued,

"won't people think you have the money and are going off somewhere to spend it?"

"They think so now," said he. "It would make no difference to them whether I go or stay. God only knows what has become of that money. It was locked in the chest and Mr. Gregg had the keys in his hands when I left him that night. I've thought about it until it nearly sets me mad. I'd as lief the jury had found me guilty," he continued. "What good is being free to a man who every one thinks ought to be in jail? No one wants to have anything to do with me, and, Ruth, I must go away from here or go crazy."

"Indeed, I know you have suffered," she whispered, "suffered very much, but wait these three days, David. I feel sure something will happen."

Her hand rested on the bar and he suddenly stooped and pressed his cheek upon it and then walked silently away. She looked after him wistfully and then walked to the house, weeping softly, for the cheek that had touched her hand was wet with tears. In truth, David Kerr, innocent or guilty, had a hard time in Redstone. The whole village, save Ruth Haggin, believed him guilty and ridiculed the "thunder-gust jury," as they styled the twelve men who had acquitted him.

The members of the jury seemed very sorry they had acquitted him, for they assumed an apologetic tone, and by mysteriously talking about the necessity of observing the rules of law attempted to throw some of the burden from their shoulders. The State's attorney was not far from the truth when he declared that the opportune flash of lightning had lost him his case. There was no doubt but that the dramatic force of the prisoner's declaration of innocence delivered in the midst of thunder and lightning had had a powerful effect in settling their minds in David's favor. The popular verdict caused him greater suffering than possibly

would have resulted from a finding of guilty by the jury. He had no difficulty in getting work, for he was strong and skillful, but it was a terrible mortification to find the men with whom he had toiled all day drawing away at the dinner-hour or at evening, and it was small wonder that in the exceeding bitterness of his heart he resolved to leave Redstone forever. A feeling that such action would tacitly admit his guilt and his deep love for Ruth Haggin alone restrained him from departing. Loyally he told himself he would never ask her to take a name that was stained even unjustly, and loyally did he restrain himself from the utterance of a single word of love, and yet in his heart he knew that that which had lost him the esteem of his fellow-men had bound with fetters of steel to him the love of a pure woman.

Ruth Haggin was a girl of strong religious feelings—queer, most people styled her—and in her eyes marriage was a most important act. Did she love David as God intended woman should love man when she swore to leave all others for him? Respect him more than any other man she did. Like him better than any other man she did, but did she truly love him? Many times she unsatisfactorily debated this question in her mind and gently refused the ardent petition of her lover that she would agree to a time for their marriage. The moment, however, that calamity overtook him and every man's hand was raised against him, that moment her question was answered. Love him, aye! so truly that at the moment of his deepest humiliation if he did but ask her she would have put her hand in his before all the world and been faithful unto death. She knew how he loved her and she knew and respected the feeling that made him hide his love.

The strong faith she had that sooner or later there would be a miraculous intervention that would sweep the faintest mark of suspicion from David's name

made her strive to keep him in Redstone. She felt that she was acting for his good when she begged him to suffer awhile longer the humiliation that nearly maddened him.

Amid all the believers in Kerr's guilt none equaled in virulence James Willard, the husband of Mary Willard, whose children were the legatees of Mr. Gregg's property. The old man had not been as hard on his niece as he had declared he would be, for, while his entire property was left in trust until the youngest child should reach the age of twenty-one, the house and farm could be occupied by Mary and her husband on the following conditions:

First, the place must produce thirty barrels of corn or its equivalent in hay or grain per year. Second, there must be at least one cow, one horse, and five pigs on the farm as stock. If these conditions were not complied with the trustees, in the absence of any valid excuse, were to eject Mr. and Mrs. Willard from the farm, rent it to more industrious tenants, and add the proceeds to the trust fund. Now, while some people might feel thankful at such a chance to live in a comfortable house free of rent and all the time able to make some money from the farm, Mr. Willard deemed himself hardly used. He had previously inhabited tumble-down shanties, where the rent was a matter of small importance to the owner, and, while they were not always comfortable, they did not render much work a necessity. Now he was obliged to labor and labor hard to keep a roof over his head. From reviling the late Mr. Gregg his animosity drifted to David Kerr. He had the thousand dollars hid away somewhere, thought Mr. Willard, and by and by he'll enjoy it when people have forgotten about it. Although it was evident that, had the money been found, it would have been held in trust with the remaining property, somehow Mr. Willard managed to think he would have been

decidedly better off if the money had been found, and therefore he inveighed savagely against David and the utter worthlessness of courts of law in general. David did not care much for Mr. Willard's opinion. In fact, nobody did, but he was sorely pained when Mrs. Willard punished her little boy for talking to him. Many times in the old days had David connived at Johnny Willard getting his share of apples from Mr. Gregg's orchard when the old man was out of sight, and as he was fond of the boy he found himself cherishing darker thoughts against the Willards than against all of his other persecutors.

The third and last day of David's stay in Redstone was a Sunday, a bright, glorious summer day. As he leaned moodily against a tree looking over the village, the sound of the church bell came sweetly across the meadow.

"Ring on," he growled. "If I was to go into the church now how those good people would stare and pull away from me if I sat on a bench with some of them. If God knows everything, and they are God's people, why don't He tell them I'm innocent?"

Sorrowful at parting with all that was dear to him, relieved at the thought that in some distant place no one would scorn to speak to him, he spent the greater part of the day wandering aimlessly about. Toward evening he walked over to the Traver's farm to bid Ruth farewell. Poor Ruth, her faith that something would occur to clear David's name and cause him to remain in Redstone was sadly weakened. Only a few hours remained of the stipulated time, and she began, already, to school herself to bear with resignation the parting.

Together they walked along the shady lanes, saying but little, he striving manfully to keep back the strong words of passionate regret that came to his lips. Why not ask her to go with him, but no,

her fleckless name must not come in contact with one stained as was his.

Emerging from a clump of trees, below them lay the Gregg farm, the old house, gray and covered in parts with moss, standing desolate as if forsaken.

Tears were not far from David's eyes as he looked upon the house in which he had lived so many years. What a difference it would have made to him if Peter Gregg had only lived twenty-four hours longer.

"How lonesome the old house looks," said he half to himself.

"Perhaps they have gone to church," she answered, "but, David, what is that coming out of the lower window, it looks like smoke."

He gazed steadily at the house. From out of the lower back window trickled a thin stream of smoke.

"It is smoke!" he exclaimed. "Look! it is getting larger! I believe the house is on fire."

Indeed, a few moments more answered his doubts completely, for thicker trickles of smoke came from the window, and it began to ooze out of the other windows and from the eaves.

"The house is on fire," he cried, then raising his voice, he shouted "Fire! Fire!" and they ran down the slope toward the house. There had been a long spell of dry weather and everything was dried and parched. Before they had reached the house the flames were leaping out of the down-stairs windows, while a thick pall of smoke hung over the roof. Others were rushing up now, for the alarm soon spreads in a village, and a crowd stood about the house, some suggesting, some blaming, and all doing nothing toward saving the house or its contents. Then a woman—bare-headed, and half-mad—rushed through the crowd.

"O my God!" she shrieked, "my Johnny is up-stairs asleep, he will be burned to death! O Johnny! Johnny!"

It was Mrs. Willard, and the crowd, appalled at her dreadful announcement, gazed at her in speechless horror.

"He was sick and went to bed before I started for church," she wailed. "Oh! can't you save him. O my God! don't let my darling burn to death!"

The lower part of the house was a roaring furnace. It would be certain death to attempt ascending the staircase, and no one could find a ladder. Some started away to procure one, but it was evident they would be too late. Suddenly amidst the tawny cloud of smoke the boy's face appeared at the window, pale and horror stricken.

"Mamma! mamma!" he screamed.

She heard him; like a lioness she struggled with the strong arms that held her from plunging into the flames. She frothed at the mouth, and sought to bite the hands that held her fast.

"Let me go!" she cried hoarsely, and wrestled with those who detained her until she fell to the ground. The boy, crazed with fright, climbed upon the window-sill, and the flames, as if hungry for their prey, seemed to leap toward him from the window below.

"He will kill himself if he jumps," gasped a man, and there was a rush to get beneath the window, but the rushing flames drove them back.

The boy now stood up on the sill and prepared to leap down. Hardy men closed their eyes at the fearful sight.

Then a voice, resonant and powerful, rang out:

"Go back, Johnny, I am coming."

There was something masterful in the voice. Those who heard it doubted not for an instant that he who spoke would save the boy or die himself, and the child obediently crouched down on the window-sill.

All were still, and the sullen roar of the flames sounded like the rush of some mighty flood as the fiery tongues shot out of the windows and licked the

weather-boarding as if a serpent was preparing its victim for a meal.

David Kerr walked to the back of the house, leaping upon a chicken-coop, climbed upon a rain-spout that sloped down from the roof. The slope was a gradual one, and if one could only keep from losing his balance he might ascend to the second story. As David stood on the spout he extended his arms against the side of the house, presenting the appearance of a man crucified. Slowly he began his ascent. Will he fall? Will the spouting give way? was asked in many a mind as staring eyes watched him. Slowly he climbed. To fall meant death to the child, for even now the flames were glowing in the next window and had eaten their way through the roof. As he passed above the kitchen window the flames seemed to envelop his feet, but he passed it safely. Will the spouting break? How many years have elapsed since it was fixed there? Up he climbed, eyes watching him below and a pale, wan face gazing down at him from the window, up, up, and then with a mighty exertion he flung himself into the window. There was a deep breath drawn from many breasts, and the white lips of the mother moved as if praying for the man who thus risked his life to save her boy's. But how was he to save him? The boy could not descend the spouting, nor could he lower him, for directly beneath the window was another window from which the flames poured as if shot from a catapult. No one dared venture within two yards of it for more than a moment. Then Kerr shouted to the watchers below, "I am going to lower the boy. Be quick, for he'll be a-fire when he gets to the ground." A queer-looking bundle appeared at the window, seen dimly through the smoke. It looked like a roll of carpet roughly put together.

"Look out," yelled Kerr, "the boy is in the bundle; pull him away soon as he touches the ground." The odd-looking

roll was pushed out of the window, and, holding a rope made of a sheet tied together, David slowly lowered it. The instant it reached a few feet beneath the sill the flames burnt through the rope and the roll fell to the ground in a bright blaze. A dozen hands tore it from its position and extinguished the flames. The boy was found swathed in the multifarious wrappings of bed-clothes and carpet half-smothered but unhurt, and was frantically seized by his mother. During the few moments consumed in the rescue of the boy from the burning bundle Kerr leaned out of the window, eagerly watching the efforts of the men below. When he saw the boy was safe, instead of coming out of the window he walked back into the room. Those below shouted to him to save himself, for his situation was perilous, indeed; the whole roof was now in a blaze and threatened to fall momentarily. The smoke was so dense that the crowd could barely see David when he shouted that he would throw something from the window and they should stand away. In a moment an old arm-chair came thundering to the ground and in its fall, coming in contact with a broken stake driven in the ground, fore the seat badly. No one looked at it. No one could understand why he had thrown it from the window. All were eagerly watching to see if the man could possibly save himself from the roaring furnace beneath him. As a puff of wind dashed the smoke away for a moment, they saw Kerr hanging from the window and feeling with his feet for the spouting. The strained eyes below saw that he found it and stood balanced against the side of the house. Three feet away the weatherboarding was in a bright blaze, and the heat was so intense that he was forced to abandon a slow descent, and, pressing himself close to the wall, he tried to slide down the spout. After descending a few feet the tin fastenings gave away and he fell heavily to the ground. He was not

hurt, however, though burned considerably by the flames through which he had fallen, and, rising to his feet, he walked to the chair that lay a short distance away.

"Mr. Gregg died in that chair," said he, "and I was not going to see it burn." Ruth stood near, proud of the noble act of the man she loved, and with swelling heart saw men crowding about him who a half-hour before would have coldly turned away. She saw the woman who had whipped her child for speaking to him kneel and kiss his blackened hands. As her eyes fell upon the old arm-chair lying where it had fallen she shuddered. One man had died in it and now another man had nearly lost his life in saving it from the flames. Suddenly she stooped and closely examined the rent where the cover had been torn from the seat.

"O David!" she cried, hysterically, "what is this? O David! look at this."

He, followed by others, hastened to her and there, half hidden under the cover of the seat, was a package of bank notes. David snatched the package, and, looking at it a moment in the glare of the burning house, screamed:

"My God! here is the money. See, here is the band around the notes marked one thousand dollars, and beneath, J. A., Mr. Andrew's initials. Thank God, no man can say I took that money!"

He waved the package about his head like a madman, his countenance illumined with joy. People crowded about him, eager by friendly word and action to make amends for their suspicions and treatment, but he, handing the money over to Dr. Godby, one of the trustees, hastened to Ruth, who, stunned at the sudden realization of her hopes and prayers, stood pale and motionless. Taking her hand in his he led her out of the crowd toward her home, free now to love her and to tell her so—free to offer her a name as stainless as her own.

It was a year's wonder why Peter Gregg

should have concealed the money in the chair, and at the end of the year people were no wiser than when they begun. The most credible idea was that the old man, knowing he was alone in the house, becoming alarmed had secreted the money, intending to replace it in the chest when David returned. The gentlemen of the despised jury who had acquitted David had a great triumph, and from their knowing looks and mysterious wagging of heads one might think they knew all

the time that the money was hidden and only waited until time should vindicate their administration of justice.

Some thought the trustees ought to give the thousand dollars to David, but as they had no power to do so and David stoutly averred he wanted nothing to do with it, it went to the credit of the heirs-at-law. Perhaps David thought winning a clear name and a loving wife was enough gain for any man, and perhaps he was right.

JAS. C. PLUMMER.

MAGNANIMITY. The magnanimous man will be a great man intrinsically—that is, he will have something within him that will raise him above what is petty and trifling. In everything he will prefer the greater to the less, the higher to the lower, the better to the worse. And this he will do not so much from a sense of duty and by a self-denying effort as from a simple love and preference for the good. If, for instance, he is called to choose between a successful stroke of business and a truthful statement, he cannot hesitate; all his impulses tend to the latter, as the greater of the two satisfactions. If he must decide between personal comfort or ease and the helping of a neighbor in distress, his warm sympathies forbid a moment's doubt. If he is offered some much-prized luxury in exchange for a little meanness of conduct, he refuses it with scorn. Such things are no temptation to him, because his mind at once gauges their comparative unworthiness, and his heart recoils from them.

EXCESSIVE PARENTAL INDULGENCE.

The fond mother will sometimes pour herself out unreservedly upon her child. She withholds nothing in her power that will contribute to his gratification. No

sacrifice is too great for her to undergo for his sake. This self-abnegation is in itself lovely and admirable; yet, if it end there, it cannot but prove an injury to the very one for whose sake she would lay down her life. With all her efforts, one important part of his education has been neglected. He has not been trained in benevolence. His generosity has not been cultivated. His powers of self-restraint and self-sacrifice have not been developed. He is accustomed to receive everything and give nothing—to be ministered unto and not to minister. Unless he possess a very rare and unusual character, he will grow up selfish, exacting, and ungrateful. There has not been too much kindness, but too little intelligence.

THE mind may be so exclusively exercised in one line of thought that it is not even able to pursue that line intelligently, for everything to be thoroughly known must be seen in its relations to other things. He who studies nothing but law is not the best lawyer; nor is he who understands nothing but business the best business man. Even for the success of a single pursuit, or in the search for one kind of truth, the mental faculties must reach out into other fields of thought and inquiry.

MANITOU ISLAND.*

BY

M. G. McCLELLAND.

CHAPTER I.

"WHICH way now, Trigg?"

The questioner, a man called Robin Hutter, slouched forward, with his elbows on his knees, and gazed over the edge of the wharf. He was seated on a pile of cord-wood that had lain in the weather for so many months that the clean split pine had been toned down to a hue in unison with the murkiness of the atmosphere and the sodden aspect of the marsh. Below him, with her nose rubbing against the water-sogged wooden piers, lay a small boat in which lounged another man.

Against the gunwale of the boat a gun rested, and in the bottom, close to the rower's bench, lay a string of frog-legs, a pheasant, and a brace or two of ducks. The boatman had been enjoying his sport away in the marsh. He stooped over, lifted the game and passed it up to the man on the wharf, who heaped it into a basket made of white-oak splints.

Hutter diverted for a moment from his original point of inquiry, paused with the bunch of frog-legs in his hand, weighing it, with a slight upward movement, and pinching the flesh between a knowing thumb and forefinger.

"How many?" he demanded, as he finally deposited them in the basket.

"Sixty—or thereabouts. I promised you a good lot. There they are."

"Thank'ee," Hutter responded, then added, with a change of tone, "till I pay you better."

Trigg Bartram lifted himself up and stood resting his elbows on the edge of the wharf. His slouch hat was pulled low,

almost to the brows, shadowing the brooding dark eyes and the hard outlines of the mouth and chin. His blue hunting shirt was loose at the collar and from it rose a superb throat, smooth and rounded like a woman's, but tanned by sun and wind to the delicate brownness of a roebuck. His hands were brown also, a deeper tint, and strong and muscular; the right hand showed, on back and palm, scars, as though from knife or pistol wounds. The tide of the distant sea had turned and was flowing up the estuary and into the marsh; the boat rocked and lifted with the motion of the water, and the young fellow, standing firmly, on good sea legs, let himself sway a little, rhythmically. He looked across at his companion with a close knitting of the brows: when he spoke his voice had a tone that was almost surly.

"What did you say that for?" he demanded. "To anger me? I know what you want with the game and you know 'tis almost as much my business as 'tis yours. When you name payment to me, old man, you are talking from the teeth out."

Hutter laughed. It was a curious convulsion, commencing apparently in the pit of his stomach and rumbling its way up to his throat; his blue eyes twinkled and his big frame shook with the exertion. The other man, seeing nothing to laugh at, stood impassive, his lower lip slightly protruded.

"It comes through being sired by a Frenchman, I reckon—Dr. Irène's fondness for frogs," Hutter observed, when he had fully enjoyed his chuckle. "He can

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stow away more of the ugly devils inside him than any man ever I saw. Three times a day, cut and come again, he'll eat 'em! I never knew the beat of it! The idea crossed me just now that if leg *impulse* could be taken in with leg meat the Doctor might store enough motive power in a month to keep him hopping for a century."

The suggestion struck from Bartram's eyes an answering gleam of amusement.

"I ought to have done better," he admitted. "My hand's out and I shot wild at first. I haven't handled a gun for over a year now. The swamp is as full of game as ever, I see. The college fellows can't hunt regularly. Afraid of malaria, perhaps, or swamp varments."

"This will be plenty for now," Hutter answered, regarding the heaped-up basket with approval. "I'll get you to provide another lot for me later on. I aint the shot I used to be myself, and I never was much good at frogging. That's why I turned the job over to you. We're both glad of a chance to pleasure Irène, I reckon."

A faint yet perceptible change passed over the faces of both men, as though a sensitive place throbbed, even under slight pressure. They looked away from each other and out across the marsh.

The sun was setting; the light rays fell long and obliquely across marsh-weeds and lily-pads, giving to their lush green a yellowish cast as when a topaz is held against green satin. The air was motionless, and upward, toward the zenith, pale and so transparent that sight could pierce the infinite and faintly recognize the stars which darkness would disclose more fully. Away up the marsh where it merged into the great swamp, of which it formed a sort of "suburb," twilight seemed much nearer; the timber stood thick and knee-deep in water, and the tangles of juniper, reeds, and green-brier held themselves still and cast no shadow. Out in the open, the saw-grass and sedges nodded and

swayed, vibrating to the influx of the tide, and in places parted more widely, showing long sluices of unobstructed water, moving sluggishly like half-comatose reptiles.

When Bartram broke the silence his voice was rough and turbulent, as though emotion broke the flow of speech.

"Don't Irène give any hope *yet*?"

The elder man shook his head.

"There isn't any to give," he returned, hopelessly. "I was over there this morning. She's contented enough. She don't ever ask any questions, the nurse says, or fret after us, or home, or look like she missed anything. She seems satisfied to be where she is, and likes her nurse and all that. Irène is vigilant with her, kind and attentive. He's doing all he knows. This morning she knew me when I went in, but she didn't seem glad when I came, nor sorry when I went." His tone shook a little, but the sun-burned face was impassive. Hutter was a self-controlled man.

"How does she look?"

Bartram kept his eyes averted as he put the question.

"Uncommonly well. As pretty as she used to look long ago, before trouble and hard work pulled her down. She's laying on flesh—it's a bad sign, they say—but it's becoming to her, and her eyes are losing that unnatural glitter. They are coming to the look of a doe's eyes—soft, but dumb and unresponsive."

"I'm going over there," Bartram announced. "Will it be any use?"

"None to her. And for you most bitter pain. Better leave it, Trigg."

"You go."

"That's different. I'm her husband—and I'd rather stand the pain than *not* see her. 'Twouldn't do any good your going and might do harm. The Doctor fears excitement more than anything, and a fresh face is always an experiment. I know it's what you came home for lad, and you mustn't think hard on me for

holding you back. I'd rather you wouldn't go. You never saw her at the worst, and *this* would seem like the worst to you. She don't know you've come back. And, maybe, she might not remember."

Bartram looked up quickly, a question on his lips, but the expression on his brother-in-law's face held it masked. He could see that Hutter was trying to spare him and that to press the matter would be brutal to them both. Words thronged in his brain, hot, impulsive words; a bitter, passionate arraignment of life, of fate, and circumstance which had brought about this issue—of God, who had not interfered to avert calamity. His heart waxed fierce and rebellious; the blood in his veins pulsed and his eyes brooded under their heavy brows.

"It's the fault of our infernal poverty," he growled.

Hutter winced, as from a blow.

"I tried to spare her! God knows I tried! She kept things hid from me and never let on how hard she worked. When the worst came Anna told things I ought to have known before. Do you think I aint brooding over it all the time? That I aint like to go mad myself thinking how it might have been prevented—if it *could* have been prevented? Don't you suppose I'd give my soul's salvation—here as I stand, and be glad of the chance—to have her like she used to be?"

His tone was one of passionate protest, as against accusation.

A pause, and then, still seeking self-justification, he continued:

"I ought to have watched, perhaps; but there wasn't anything to lead my notice, and she kept back how she tried to make money outside, sewing for the niggers and writing for newspapers, and all the worry and disappointment of it. It wasn't the *work* that did the mischief. I asked Irène about it. He said exertion, even continued and strenuous exertion, rarely operated disastrously when mind and body were in a normal condition.

Over-exertion is an effect, not a cause. With Mabel it was the whole miserable combination, but the thing which precipitated the climax was anxiety and distress about little Ned and her straining herself by lifting and carrying him. That brought on the premature confinement and killed the baby. There was another cause, too—"

His speech suddenly halted and he glanced aside at his brother-in-law. Something in his expression made the pause significant.

The young fellow leaned on his elbow with his moody, mutinous gaze following the slow sweep of the stream. He did not appear to heed either the protest or its abrupt termination. His thoughts were busy along lines of their own making—fretting and chafing in impotent rebellion against the inevitable, even as his boat fretted against the pier, held in the grip of a tide too strong for it.

"I'm not blaming *you*," he broke out at last. "Nor I don't mean to cast reflections. You've done the best you could. You've been crippled ever since the war; your hands tied behind your back, as it were. The people of the South have been like creatures maimed and turned loose in a big woods to root for a living or die. They didn't know how to work, and while they've been learning things have gone worse and worse with them, and they've got poorer and poorer. Can't you see that? It's this infernal poverty! If we had been able to live decently would Mabel have worked her body down and weakened it so she could not stand anxiety, or throw off disease? If we'd had money to hire a nurse for Ned would he have got the chance to fall out of that tree and hurt his spine? If you could afford to stay at home and look after your family instead of grinding out your life teaching, wouldn't they and the farm be better for it? I tell you, want of money is at the bottom of it! And want of money is the curse of curses.

It withers, blights, dwarfs, and destroys from the beginning clear through to the end of life."

The elder man's face grew more serious as he listened. His experience was larger than that of his companion, and so was his nature. He was capable of insight into the arcana of things.

"It's tough," he admitted, "this tussle for a place. But money doesn't reach clear through things. The fight isn't all material. Life's too complex for one factor to dominate all factors. Some get a bigger pull by human conduct not holding to a true orbit; but *all* count. Equilibrium is destroyed when they don't. There are calamities money can't hinder, and hurts it can't help. All the nurses money could hire wouldn't have kept my boy out of that tree without super-human vigilance. He had made up his mind to climb it. He knew it was dangerous, and had been made a punishable offense, but he was willing to risk danger and punishment to satisfy his curiosity about that hanger's nest. And all the gold in the Rockies wouldn't have prevented his mother from lifting and carrying him in her arms when she had a mind to. She knew there was reason for her exercising extra care, but she shut her eyes to the danger of over-exertion. And so it is all along the line. Things don't start from the outside."

The younger, more impatient man flung away from this view of the subject. To him material success and material possessions represented all the good in life; as yet he could see no other. Surface causes, operating in the adjustment of life, were the only causes apparent to him, and as an outside factor there is no power like that of money. This his nature recognized and the importance of money was exaggerated, the necessity for its attainment made paramount. Hutter's deeper philosophy fell on heedless ears. The desire for a point of view, conscious or latent, must ante-date its reception and

Bartram did not want to look at life through anybody's eyes but his own.

Not feeling in the mood for argument, he let the subject go, dropped down to the rowing-bench and unshipped his oars, using one to push his boat away from the pier and working the other with strong, pliant turn of wrist and forearm to turn her head up-stream.

"I hope Dr. Irène will get as much satisfaction out of eating that game as I did out of shooting it," he observed. "Tell him so, with my compliments, will you, Robin? And tell him I'll keep him supplied, with pleasure, while I'm at home."

Hutter nodded and rose from his seat. Standing, he did not justify the impression of height given by his figure in a sitting posture. He got up too short. The torso bespoke a man of unusual stature, while actual measurement revealed him below medium height. The effect gave almost a sense of disproportion. As he moved an explanation was suggested, for he walked as though his legs were made of wood, and the space between knee and ankle appeared preternaturally short. At Shiloh he had been badly damaged in both legs and the repairs had cost him several inches in height.

"Which way now, Trigg?" he questioned, returning to the point which had opened their discourse.

Bartram jerked his head backward, a movement which might indicate an intention to penetrate the swamp, but at the same time was susceptible of broader meaning, since his face was toward the seaboard and behind him lay the expanse of a continent.

"Night will stop you somewhere, I reckon," smiled Hutter. "Shall I tell Anna to save supper for you?"

"No, don't let her trouble about it. I won't be home before morning;" then, reading surprise in the other's look, he half-reluctantly added, "I've a business engagement with a fellow over at Colo-

nel Sturgeon's. I'll stay over there to-night."

"You'd better pull along pretty peart then," Hutter returned. "Sturgeon's place is a good stretch around the bend, and night isn't far off. The swamp isn't a nice place to interview a thunderstorm, either, and there'll be a cracker before moonrise, or I'm mistaken."

He indicated a bank of clouds boiling up along the horizon, black and heavy, like smoke from an engine when the furnace is crammed with pine.

Bartram glanced carelessly aloft.

"I'll make it," he said. "The storm is a good way off. If it should overtake me, I can shelter on Manitou Island. Good-night, old man."

"Good luck to you," Hutter responded, and stooped for a stout staff that lay beside the cord-wood.

Bartram settled to his work, pulling with long strokes that sent the boat forward in steady sweeps. The tide was in his favor.

CHAPTER II.

THE swamp extended inland many miles in a sombre sweep of morass and lagoon, heavily wooded with cypress, live oak, and magnolia. The trees stood close, almost jostling each other and were festooned with moss, creepers, and parasitic growth of all sorts. The great cypress knees started up out of the water, weird and fantastic, suggesting the contorted joints of mammoth skeletons to which clung coils and tangles of green-brier and swamp grape-vine like the cordage of nerve and sinew. The omnipresent water was dark with the stain of decayed vegetation, and sluggish with the inertia of a dead level. The dark earth fostered miasma, and cold-blooded, slimy creatures that crept, crawled, and writhed themselves through the jungles like Danté's thought through the hideous vapors and visions of an imaginary Inferno. Resting as they had fallen, hap-hazard, on land or

in water, lay the great trunks of trees vanquished in the struggle for existence, slowly resolving into the elements which had produced them, and over them vines clambered, drawing life from death, and sprung upward from the graves of the dead trees into the arms of the living ones.

On the edges of the swamp where it merged itself into a marsh and so on to firm ground beyond, as a festering wound through grades of irritation to sound flesh, the timber was more diversified. Bay trees, haw, and juniper mingled with the more sombre growth and graded it out to the cane-brakes, the saw-grass and the lily-pads of the open fens. Taken all together, it was a dismal region, even in fair weather, but doubly dismal in the gathering twilight with the atmosphere oppressed by the coming of a storm.

Bartram rowed steadily, glancing seldom to the right or left. The stream along which he sent his boat was a tortuous canal kept open for the convenience of the shingle-cutters who, during the season, had camps on the hummocks of the mainland and the islands of the lagoons. There was little need for observation. Bartram was used to the swamp; had penetrated it at all hours and in all seasons. Its changes, mysterious and gloomy, were as familiar to him as were those of the fields surrounding the home wherein he had grown from infancy to manhood. He did not even glance skyward; he could gauge the approach of night by the darkening of the water and the progress of the storm-clouds by the way the trees held themselves, motionless, with the long gray moss hanging from their branches still and straight, like the beards of wizards in council, awaiting an eldritch signal.

Once he paused, resting on his oars, and half turned to get a fuller view of the lagoon on which he had entered. The light was strange—a sort of dun twilight; the sun had set, leaving behind him

tawny streamers which lay between slowly-converging banks of black cloud like dull flames amid dense smoke. The swamp was still with the silence of expectation; not a twig moved, nor a leaf shook. The wild creatures had withdrawn themselves, sheltering in the canebrakes and juniper tangles; the frogs had gone down amid the rushes, and even the rattlesnakes and water-moccasins had forsaken the tussocks where they usually coiled and stowed themselves away in hollow logs or holes in the ground. For any evidence of animate life perceptible to sight or hearing, the place might have been entering on the stage which precedes petrification.

The lagoon broadened into a tarn, shallow at its outer edges, but toward the centre deep, with waterstained a chocolate-brown and—being beyond the active influence of tides—a flow so sluggish as to be well-nigh imperceptible. Among the denizens of the country round about it was believed that the bottom of the lake must be a quicksand, for the fact was known that aught sinking into the waters thereof, no matter what its nature, returned no more into the light of day. A short distance beyond the centre of the lake, toward its inland end, was an island, a couple of acres in extent and covered in part with undergrowth. It was lifted well above the surface of the water and, relatively, dry, and on it the men engaged in the shingle trade had for many years had one of their principal camps. The island lay in the track of navigation out of the swamp and was a good place for storing shingles for shipment, so the swamper had erected thereon a cabin of cypress logs and supplemented it with a shed or two.

There had been a legend among the coast Indians—handed down from a period to which the memory of man returneth not with certainty—which claimed the island as the actual earthly habitation of the Great Spirit. There they believed

he would appear at intervals to the "medicine man" of a favored tribe dwelling on the borders of the swamp, in the semblance of a gigantic rattlesnake, which was the "totum" of the tribe, and hold converse. They called the place "Manitou," and erected there a medicine lodge, which was held in sanctity and might only be approached by warriors eminent for wisdom in council and courage in conflict. No woman might approach the place in any guise whatever, so long as the breath of life should be in her nostrils; but when death should have purified her womanhood her body might rest within sight of the sacred lodge, and her soul—if she should possess such a thing—might hover around it without let or hindrance.

When the remnants of the coast tribes, overpowered and crowded out by the whites, finally set their faces northward to unite with the Five Nations, the island lodge, no longer held in veneration, fell into ruin and decay, until at length no vestige of it remained. But the legend lived, and the name of the island clung to it, seeming tacitly to stand in evidence of the truth that if there be a "Great Spirit," the waste and desolate places of the earth are as fittingly his habitation as those physically more favored.

Bartram's glance around apparently satisfied him as to the course most expedient, for he headed his boat straight for Manitou Island and laid to his oars with a will. The elements had arrayed themselves for conflict with an impetuosity which defied calculation, and the plantation to which he was bound was fully three miles further around the bend of the swamp.

A long, shuddering sigh swept through the swamp and across the lake, falling and dying on the bosom of the water. Bartram ran his boat into a tiny cove and fastened it to a cypress stump. The cabin was about ten yards away and he caught up his gun and hastened to it.

It was early in the season and most of the shingle men were working in the larger swamps along the coast. The island was deserted, but the cabin contained nothing of value, so had need of neither lock nor bar. Bartram lifted the latch and entered. The outside atmosphere was heavy and dense; but little light penetrated through the open doorway; the windowless room seemed as uninviting as the interior of a hollow log. Bartram knew that somewhere in the opposite wall there was a hole for light and ventilation, protected by a batten shutter. He advanced gropingly to find and unfasten it. His feet moved among shavings, chips, and bits of shingle; half-way across the room his hand came in contact with a pile of shingles packed close, and filling, as far as he could judge, the entire side of the cabin. The surplus of the preceding season doubtless stored here for protection from the weather.

Bartram fumbled in his pockets for matches. The gloom of the interior would be lighted by a blaze on the hearthstone, and of fuel there was plenty to his hand. The small metal match-box yielded only a broken match, minus its business end, and the most industrious search failed to elicit satisfactory returns from the pockets, so Bartram gave up all thoughts of a fire and kicked about in the dark until he found a rough bench which he moved into the light of the doorway. The storm in all probability would be over before moonrise. His gun he had placed just inside the door. The delay tormented him, and but for arriving at Colonel Sturgeon's in disheveled and storm-beaten plight, he would have kept on, being too robust a swamper to regard a drenching as a serious matter. But a bedraggled man is not a respect-inspiring object, and at Colonel Sturgeon's there would be a gentleman to meet on whom Bartram flattered himself he had made a favorable impression, which he wished not only to hold but deepen. Within the

near future lay the probability that the acquaintance might be of service. Already to Bartram this man appeared to hold the keys of fortune at his girdle.

And that the portal to the enchanted land of wealth should swing wide for him the young fellow was determined. He longed for the power and influence which wealth can bestow—for the material comfort and enjoyment which it can command. He thirsted for it—heart, soul, and body, as prisoners in a dark place thirst for air and sunlight. His life had been a monotonous struggle with adverse conditions, and the vigor of his nature made him hot and mutinous. His emotional endowment was limited, its capacity for enlargement doubtful; but there was within him a dogged tenacity of purpose and a certain recognition of responsibility and faithfulness to it within bounds likely to generate forces powerful enough to send his life along strangely intersecting lines.

The storm drew close, enfolding the swamp. It grew dark with the blackness of moonless night. Above, the sky thick and dark as the hide of a leviathan, rounded itself, and whips of flame lashed through it, followed by thunder that was like a colossal roar of agony. The wind had risen; for miles the sound of its coastward advance could be heard like the rush of breakers when they lift themselves and throw forward a whole length upon rocks. The air vibrated as the wind struck the swamp, and the trees in the hurricane's track, stripped naked of moss and leaves, writhed and doubled themselves down, dodging, as it were, and seeking to elude a power with which they were impotent to cope.

The lightning played hither and thither—jagged and terrible. Bartram's eyes followed it, his thought divorced for the moment from his own concerns by a spectacle grand enough to dwarf personality. As he looked a bolt leaped from the sky as an arrow leaps from the bow-string and struck the crest of a great magnolia

with a dart of fire which slipped downward, splitting and rending bark and branches and buried itself in the earth not ten steps from the wall of the cabin.

Bartram sprang to his feet and swerved—as though the next bolt might be for him, moving hastily aside out of the draught of the doorway and oblivious of the theory that lightning never strikes twice in the same place. The bench on which he had been seated, a tottering affair at best, fell over with the impetus of his movement, making a rustle and stir among the shavings. And straightway there arose a strident noise like the whirl of a watchman's rattle suddenly sprung, followed by a sharp hiss and the rush of a body through the air close to his leg. Bartram paused and shrank together, fearing to move lest his venomous fellow-refugee should strike again and with more accuracy of aim.

Then the lightning came once more in a great sheet which lit up the heavens like a conflagration and penetrated the room, causing that portion of it in which Bartram stood to start out from the darkness, for the fraction of a second, with photographic distinctness. The shingles, loosely packed, sloped from the fire-place end of the room, where the pile was highest, until in the end near the door it was simply a ragged heap, thrown down pell-mell, and scarcely knee high. Bartram's glance, seeking the whereabouts of the rattlesnake, fell on this shingle heap, distinct in the electric glare, and on something huddled down in the angle of the wall at sight of which he drew back and caught up his gun with a swift curdling of the blood. He waited for the lightning to come again, with a sweat of horror upon him, and when its ghastly revelation was repeated went out into the night and the storm, feeling that nature even in tempest was preferable to some phases of the handiwork of man.

And the darkness folded around him, as it were, a heavy garment, and as the

rain began to fall the thunder rumbled away in the distance, filling the air with vibrations as with the fierce laughter of giants bent on rapine and shaken mightily with glee.

CHAPTER III.

GROPING and stumbling, Bartram made his way to the shed in the rear of the cabin. It was a rude enough structure, simply forked poles driven into the ground, with transverse poles laid on them and a covering of slabs. It would serve, however, as a shelter from the rain; nothing could be worse than the cabin now that he was conscious of the thing which the darkness at first had covered. The shed was boarded up at the back, but open at front and sides; there were no shingles here, nor shavings on the ground. The lightning showed it to him in all its nakedness, and showed him also that it was already occupied. A man sat on a cypress log about the middle of the shed with his knees drawn up to his chin and his arms clasped around them.

Bartram halted and his grasp tightened on the gun in his hand.

"Who's there?"

His tone was imperative, but his voice had a foreign sound in his own ears.

From out of the darkness came a chuckling laugh: other response there was none.

This sort of reply would have seemed unsatisfactory at all times, but under existing circumstances Bartram felt it to be horrible. It jarred on his nerves so that his temper rose; a chill had fallen on him followed by a heat. The island that night appeared given over to the possession of devils—many devils, and all intent on mischief. He raised his gun and spoke again.

"Quit that—whoever you are—and answer right, or I'll put a bullet through you! Now then, who is it?"

"'Taint none o' your business, durn

you," came the retort. "I aint got nothin' o' your'n. You better lemme 'lone!"

The tone was half-savage, half lachrymose, and the effect of it coming, as it were, from space unconnected with visible bodily presence would have been disagreeable to most people.

With Bartram the tension relaxed and he instantly lowered his weapon. The voice was familiar. He came under the shed at once. The back-bone of the storm was broken: the deadlier of the elemental forces rested and the clouds attested activity only in a copious downpour of rain. Bartram put out his hand and groped about until it came in contact with a human shoulder. Coat there was none and the shirt felt coarse and ragged; his fingers touched the creature's bare skin.

"Drake Reeny, isn't it?"

The query had such a ring of assertion that there seemed little necessity for verbal assent; the shoulder slightly moved with an acquiescent gesture. The man—for he was a man in development although only a boy in years—was the son of a swamper who occupied a cabin near the outskirts of the marsh. Bartram had hunted with the father—a worthless debauchée—many times and had known the son from childhood. The poor fellow had been accounted dull and heavy-witted from his birth, and a continuous course of brutal treatment at the hands of parents wellnigh dehumanized by their manner of living had retarded mental development to such an extent that to impatient people he seemed little short of an idiot.

He was held to be harmless, unless pushed to an extreme when the bad temper which had come to him with a strain of Gallic blood would manifest itself in ways that were dangerous. He frequented the shingle camps and fetched and carried for the men, who liked him after a fashion, but admitted freely that Drake Reeny

would be "an awk'ard cuss to handle whunst his monkey was up."

Bartram, in his then mood, would have welcomed the companionship of a Barbary ape, and that of Drake Reeny—idiot though he was held to be—appeared for the moment a veritable godsend. He moved around and seated himself on the log beside the boy and spoke to him amiably. The sound of his own voice addressing a sentient creature from whom there was possibility of response, was a comfort to him. It renewed his self-confidence and helped him rid himself of the oppression of the night: contact with *living* humanity re-erected the bounds which excitement had annihilated; his nature reasserted itself, alert and practical. He speedily put himself in possession of the fact that Drake had been on the island several hours, and also that the boy had seen him—Bartram—land and enter the cabin. When questioned as to why he had not called out or in some way demonstrated his presence the answer was a sulky "dunno."

A subtle change in Drake's tone, an accession of slyness, an instinctive reservation fixed Bartram's attention and aroused his curiosity. How much did the boy know? For how much was he responsible? Bartram bent nearer his companion, striving to penetrate the darkness and obtain premises from which to draw conclusions.

The impulse rose to seize the creature beside him, to make accusations, to demand explanations; but prudence held it in check. The boy was as tall and to the full as muscular as he was himself; they were alone together, shut out from aid or interference, in a life-and-death struggle it would be man to man, with the chances in favor of Drake, who was known to carry a knife in his boot. To be sure, he might have stunned the boy with his clubbed gun, or even have shot him, but what right had he to make an

attack on suspicion? Better to wait for daylight and certainty. Bartram inwardly cursed at the darkness and at his own folly in neglecting to supply himself with matches.

For a time there was silence, and then Drake, with the remark that he was "plumb tuckered out," slipped from the log and stretched himself on the ground behind it. His feet were toward Bartram, and with one of them he softly patted against the log while he made with his mouth a humming noise, not unlike a rattlesnake's note of warning. Bartram remembered tales he had heard of the gift the lad possessed of "charming" beasts and reptiles and enticing them to him with his calls. And so little in some of his moods did the poor creature seem removed from a brute condition himself that the stories had gained credence even among those unfamiliar with exhibitions of his skill. With knowledge of the immediate proximity of all sorts of things that creep and crawl, the idea of having them invited to draw up and be sociable was unpleasant. Bartram kicked out at random, with the order to "quit that infernal racket," delivered in such a hectoring tone that the boy relapsed into silence.

It rained still, but more slowly. Bartram rose and leaned against one of the posts that supported the shed. The clouds were lighter and in places had drifted a little apart, showing patches of pale distance clear with starlight. As nearly as Bartram could guess the moon must have been up an hour, and when the clouds should pass there would be light enough to find his way out of the swamp. He waited, pondering the situation and making up his mind what it would be best for him to do. His own affairs drew aside before a more pressing emergency, but insensibly they influenced his decision. For the investigation which would follow on the information he had to give a coroner or magistrate would be neces-

sary, or complications might arise. He would go on to Colonel Sturgeon's and put the matter in his hands at once.

The coroner lived in the village, which was nearer, but the Colonel being a magistrate, would do as well. To Bartram the course he proposed taking appeared the best.

The clouds parted more and more. The rain ceased, but moisture continued to drip—drip from the trees and bushes and from the eaves of the shed. The moonlight penetrated the shed and fell obliquely across the idiot's face, illumining half and leaving half in shadow. His slumber was to all appearance profound and conscienceless, and as the untroubled sound of his breathing smote on Bartram's ear the darkest of his suspicions subsided. He turned and bent downward, seeking to read the unconscious countenance at his feet. The moonlight was tender and elusive, it would not lend itself to detective's work; he could make nothing of the attempt and so abandoned it and went out into the night.

On his way to the boat-landing he passed in front of the cabin and involuntarily glanced toward it, vaguely expectant of some visible change. There was none. He smiled at his own unreasonableness and advanced to the door. It was open, as he had left it, and he leaned forward, his hands on the door-posts, his eyes intent and eager, peering into the semi-darkness of the interior. After a second so spent he stepped over the threshold, advanced to the corner and bent over an object which the moonlight half-concealed and half-revealed, and examined it carefully. When he had satisfied himself he came out again and pulled the door together, slipping the hasp over the staple and securing it with a bit of shingle.

Then he went to his boat, pushed off and rowed rapidly along the lake.

The clouds scudded northward; the moon hung high in pale ether; there was

a shining pathway along the water, but farther on the swamp-growth cast deep shadows. Bartram guided his boat into a channel branching out from the lake. The moonlight here was obstructed, for the trees stood close, but Bartram knew his way and rowed with precision.

When he had rowed about a mile he paused, and for a moment rested on his oars, with the aspect of a man whose mind is pulled two ways. Then, with an impatient oath at his own stupidity, he turned the boat and doubled on his track.

He had not scrupled to leave Drake Reeny on the island, knowing that it would be easy to find him should he be required; but he had overlooked the possibility that the boy might have sense enough to discover himself to be in an equivocal position and cunning enough to complicate matters, with a view to his own protection. The workings of an abnormal brain defy calculation. He must return and secure the cabin, or bring Drake away. There was a padlock attached to the chain of his boat and the key was in his pocket. Bartram could scarcely account for the obtusity which had prevented him from thinking of it sooner.

As he once more neared the island Bartram half-turned to glance over his shoulder. The place looked still and deserted as when he had left it, no movement, nor sign of movement. His glance wandered over the surface of the water; the silver pathway made by the moonlight was cross-cut by shining ripples, like those left in the wake of a boat, and just in front of him, not two hundred yards away, floated a dark object which he easily made out to be a canoe. A man stood in it with his back turned; he was half bent over and as Bartram looked he slowly raised himself with a heavy

burden in his arms, which he heaved upward with all his strength and let go, with a deep plunge, into the water along-side.

Bartram, with a swift intuition of that which had happened, dashed in his oars and sent his own boat hissing through the water, shouting an imperative order and trusting to the habit of subordination which he knew to be strong in the idiot to produce involuntary obedience. His pulses throbbed with excitement and his strokes fell swift and regular like those of an athlete who pulls a race. His boat shot forward—one length—two and he was beside the canoe. It was empty, dancing like a cork on the ripples which widened slowly shoreward. Bartram bent over the side of his boat and listened along the water. In an instant he caught the vibrations of a swimmer—the idiot had slipped into the water like an otter and was making for the covert of the swamp.

Bartram caught up his gun and fired—once—twice in the direction from whence had come signs of the swimmer, with about as much chance of hitting him as he had of hitting the great white heron that rose and flitted spectrally across the lagoon. The sound of the report struck against the wall of jungle round about and fell back, weird, and with a strange difference; the bullets skipped harmlessly along the water and there was a mighty whir of wings as a flock of wild ducks disturbed in their rest blundered up and flew gropingly for a hundred yards or so and then settled down again.

The canoe was drifting. Bartram drew it close to the side of his boat and examined it keenly from stem to stern. The only scrap of evidence visible was a small, dark object lying near a cross-rib. Bartram reached over and took it in his hand.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JO-ANNA.

THERE were five of them; three brothers and two sisters. They lived in the house in which they were born, and had never manifested any disposition to go out from it to make a home for themselves elsewhere.

The "boys" were "old bachelors," the "girls" "old maids." Naturally, and of necessity there was a difference in their ages, but there was no difference in their "looks." The youngest looked as old as the oldest, and those who were not intimately acquainted with them could hardly tell one from another. After they got their "growth" they were all of a size. The boys had lank, sandy hair, and yellow, smoky-colored beards. The hair of the girls was so nearly white as to be of no particular color, and it was always "done up" in the same fashion. They were steady-going, serious folks, slow of speech, considered "queer," but highly esteemed by all who knew them. They were rigidly honest, and kind-hearted, though not demonstrative.

Nothing had ever occurred, nothing would have occurred, it is safe to say, to disturb the harmonious monotony of their days, if they had not "taken a girl." They took her, not because they needed her, but because by the death of her parents she was left without a home. Her father was killed by a falling tree, and her mother died of grief at his untimely death. The little farm was mortgaged for all that it was worth; and there was nothing left for poor little Carlotta Perry, who was seventeen years old, good and pretty, but not very "capable."

As if it were the natural thing to do under such circumstances, the Gilsbies took Carlotta home with them after the funeral, and made her one of the family.

She was "wuth her keep," the neighbors said, but none of them would have taken her for what she could do, for she was not strong enough to do the rough, hard work that a "took girl" is expected to perform.

Carlotta brightened up the old Gilsbie house a good deal, and the Gilsbies themselves seemed "brighter" after she came among them.

She had been with them three years when the Gilsbies received their first shock—the first distinct and unmistakable shock that they had ever received.

Upon occasions which the Gilsbies were in the habit of considering "great" or "special," it was their custom to hold a family council in the sacred and seldom-used front parlor. There had been no such meeting until now, since Carlotta had been with them. It was therefore a trying ordeal when, with Ambrose, the youngest of the "boys," she stood in the presence of the family "assembled."

The family might be together under various circumstances, and on different occasions in other places, but it was never "assembled" unless convened in the front parlor. Ambrose had been "assembled" before; but this was Carlotta's first experience. They both trembled and were afraid, Carlotta, because there was something awful in being "assembled," and Ambrose, because, for the first time in his life he did not know whether he was "assembled" or not. There was his seat, but there was no place for Carlotta. If he sat down with the rest he would be "assembled;" but that would be to desert Carlotta, who looked as if she was just ready to cry. Ambrose, therefore, stood by Carlotta.

Upon these occasions either brother John or sister Sarah, being older in years than the others, presided. The regular order was for one of them to make a little speech stating the matter to be considered. Upon the present occasion brother John and sister Sarah looked at each other, helplessly, neither knowing what to say. The silence was very oppressive. At last brother John said, in a high-pitched and quavering voice, the sure sign that he was as nearly excited as it was possible for a Gilspie to be:

"Brother Ambrose and Carlotta, please say to the family what you have said to us?"

Whereat, thus adjured, Ambrose and Carlotta said, quaveringly, as with one voice:

"We're married!"

There was silence again for several moments, and then Carlotta began to cry softly.

The brothers and sisters looked at each other in bewilderment; the case was wholly outside of their experience. But it was evident that something must be done; the situation was trying if not pressing. There was a tradition in the family that "Alminy" had once come so near to getting married as to have had an "offer." This fact gave her something of the standing of a specialist or an expert in matrimonial matters. To her, therefore, at this juncture, sister Sarah appealed, saying:

"Alminy, dear, what shall we do?"

The delicate compliment implied by the question brought a faint flush to the spinster's colorless cheeks.

"It would be proper to congratulate the newly-wedded pair," she answered.

The suggestion met with instant approval. The family arose, in a body. "The girls" kissed Carlotta, while "the boys" shook hands with Ambrose, and Carlotta kissed them; it was easier, somehow, than kissing the girls. The sisters hurried about and set the table with the

best that the larder afforded. Some elder-berry wine that had never before been used except in case of sickness, was brought forth and the health of the bride and groom was pledged with much solemnity and feeling.

The festivities were continued for several days. Indeed life took on a festive aspect for the Gilspies, from this event. Ambrose and Carlotta were treated like great babies; they were not permitted to do any work, and their health, although they were perfectly well, was a matter of chief concern with "the family." Carlotta had never been so happy in her life before; while Ambrose, if he ever had a moment when he felt oppressed by the anxious solicitude of which he and his wife were the objects, to his credit, it must be said, he never let it appear in his demeanor. Carlotta was his wife, he was first in her affections; but to care for and make happy she belonged to the whole family.

The days went happily by. The family was often "assembled" now; so often that "assembling" was not the impressive ceremony it had formerly been. No occasion was too trivial; if the bride or groom coughed or sneezed the family was "assembled," often in alarm and with great haste; and there was something like a service of thanksgiving when it was found that there was no occasion for anxiety, or the supposed symptoms of danger subsided.

There came a day when the "family," albeit Ambrose and Carlotta were not present, was assembled with all the ancient solemnity in the front parlor. Up-stairs, in the front chamber were all the Gilspies had been born, and past generations had died—for the Gilspies were rigidly precise and decorous in such matters—poor Carlotta was meeting the ordeal of motherhood.

The "boys" felt, vaguely, that some great event was transpiring, or about to transpire above them; while in their

hearts the sisters felt deeply grieved that for once they were not equal to the occasion. But they wisely yielded to the counsel of the best physician in the county and the trained nurse, and kept away from the chamber in which numbers could only create confusion and unnecessarily excite the sufferer. Ambrose sat by the bedside, and brushed the tears from his eyes when Carlotta, between the paroxysms of pain, smiled lovingly upon him and feebly pressed his hand.

Down-stairs the family waited in solemn, anxious silence. When at last the door opened and Ambrose entering stood before them, very much as he had stood a year before with Carlotta to confess that he was married, the family remained mute, gazing at him with a curiously neutral, non-committal look as if prepared either to condemn him or be themselves condemned.

Poor Ambrose had felt a vague sense of pride as he left the bedside of his wife commissioned as the bearer of most important intelligence to the family below. He had, for a moment, considered as to the propriety of announcing his intelligence preluded by a mild cheer, but when he stood in the presence of the family "assembled," and assembled, as he saw at a glance, in all its olden, awesome dignity, his heart and flesh failed him. He stole a furtive glance at sister Sarah, who seemed to be presiding, and said, tremulously:

"There's a little baby up-stairs."

The "girls," at least, ought to have been prepared, in a measure, for the intelligence; but they seemed as much at a loss as did the "boys," who had never actually realized that the arrival of the little stranger was a matter of expectation.

As a matter of form and habit sister Sarah propounded the usual inquiry, without the usual speech as a preface, saying: "Brothers and sisters, what shall we do?"

Perhaps brother John surprised even himself, at this juncture, as he certainly did the "family."

"We'll have to name him," he said, "he can't stay here without a name."

This was so plainly the proper thing to do, and the only thing that they could do, at this stage of affairs, that every one felt immensely relieved. Ambrose sat down feeling that he was no longer a disturber of the family peace, and almost a hero in a small way. But his importance was overshadowed by that of the new arrival. If for a moment he felt like asserting the claims of a father to be considered in so important a matter as the naming of his child, he quickly realized that the claims of the family were too strong to be made secondary. It was evident that there was no thought of the nearness of his relationship as entitling him to special consideration. It was not *his* child that the family was thinking of, but the child of the "family."

"What shall we name him?" asked brother John, with perhaps pardonable pride in his superior acumen.

"It is very strange, and I have often thought about it," said sister Sarah, "but no one of us bears the name of our honored parents. Mother's name, now, ought to be perpetuated in the family: Anna is such a pretty name."

"Sister Sarah!" said brother John, almost severely, "you surely would not speak trifling upon such a momentous occasion. Anna is a *girl's* name."

Sister Sarah's regret was evidently deeper than her confusion: she sighed, heavily, and murmured, "Poor mother!"

"You are all witnesses," said brother John, "that I was always considerate of mother, therefore you will not think I am lacking in respect for her memory in urging our father's claim to recognition in this matter. Joseph, now, is a name that always impressed me. I confess, brothers and sisters"—here he looked around the little circle, wiped his eyes, and cleared his

throat, and continued in a suspiciously husky voice—"I confess that I have often wished, in my heart, that our parents had seen their way clear to confer that name upon me. Since, for good and sufficient reasons, doubtless, they did not seem to have been given a Providential opportunity to perpetuate a name which, but for this event, would be known no more in connection with that of Gilspie."

The family was touched by this heroic yet modest revelation of a life-long sorrow, which, until now, had been unsuspected. Brother John stood, almost, in his father's place toward the rest of them, and this fact was a reinforcement to his wishes. There was a moment's silence, and sister Sarah said, with a cheerful acquiescence that was the evidence of her sincere regard for her brother:

"What do we say, brothers and sisters, shall the child be known among us as Joseph?"

There was a murmur of assent which was broken in upon by Ambrose, who said, as if frightened at his own temerity:

"I wouldn't be understood as opposing the wishes of the family, but I think I heard the doctor say it was a girl."

The family sat in dead and dismayed silence after this announcement. At last brother John, by a mighty effort, recovered something like his wonted equanimity, and with Spartan firmness asked again:

"Brothers and sisters, what shall we do?"

There was no ring of triumph in sister Sarah's voice as she said:

"Perhaps, brothers and sisters, it would not be inappropriate to name the child for mother, as it is a girl. I am sure father wouldn't object if he could give us the benefit of his advice and counsel."

The reflection that he had been the unfortunate cause of what had been the nearest to a family dissension that the Gilspies had ever known, quickened in the breast of brother Ambrose a strong desire to make atonement.

"Couldn't we name her for both of them?" he asked, eagerly.

John looked at him reproachfully, and covered his face with his hand; while sister Sarah said, with some asperity:

"Ambrose, consider your brother's feelings."

Ebenezer, the third of the "boys," had the gift of speech in lesser measure than any of the others, but he had the reputation of being a deep thinker.

"That's a good idea," he said, before there was further opportunity for the manifestation of indignation at brother Ambrose's trifling with serious things, "let's call the child Jo-Anna."

That was how she came by her name. It was not Joanna, but Jo-Anna. So it was recorded in the great family Bible, and so it was always written by the family. The brothers and sisters always made a queer little hyphenical pause between the syllables, and would not permit that it should be abbreviated in any way.

Jo-Anna never knew and never missed the love of her father and mother. Carlotta lived less than a month after her child was born, and Ambrose less than a year. The family tried to keep the poor father alive, and he tried to live for little Jo-Anna's sake. But Carlotta seemed to call him, and Jo-Anna did not seem to need him. If her parents had lived Jo-Anna would have had but one father and mother; as it was she had two fathers and two mothers. Sarah and "Alminy" were both her "mamma," while John and Ebenezer were both "papa." She was quite a large girl before she could be made to understand differently, and she called them by these endearing names to the end. She was not permitted to forget the parents who gave her birth; these were "mamma and papa in heaven" at first. Afterward she thought of them curiously rather than tenderly, and wondered how they could possibly have been any more to her if

they had lived than these fathers and mothers whom she knew; and, indeed, it was hard to see how they could have been. She was only a little spoiled—most children would have been spoiled utterly. She had her own way, in most things, but as she could not bear to give another pain she seldom followed her own inclinations to her hurt.

She grew to be a pretty girl and became a beautiful young woman. It was touching to see how the lives of the brothers and sisters were bound up with her life. They were never happy or easy for a moment when she was out of their sight. They submitted to the inevitable so far as to permit her to go to school, but there was hardly an hour during the sessions of the school that one or another of them did not manage to pass the school-house that they might at least look upon the place that withheld her from them.

Jo-Anna loved the old folks—they were beginning to get old now—and had no desire to go away from home. If she wished to study anything that was not taught in the village academy, private teachers were engaged for her. She was the life of the old house, and its walls echoed her songs and merry laughter all the day.

When Jo-Anna fell in love the old folks were happy in her happiness. They never seemed to have considered the contingency of her going away from them; either she would continue to live with them as her mother did or they would go with her, they must have thought, if they thought at all in the matter. But whatever course Jo-Anna might decide upon would be acquiesced in by the family; the touchstone for all their decisions, where the interests of Jo-Anna was concerned was "Jo-Anna must not be made unhappy."

Jo-Anna's husband had intended to take her away, but when he saw that to do so would break the hearts of the old people

he yielded to their unexpressed desire and made his home with them.

It was an anxious day for the "family" when Jo-Anna lay ill. But she passed the ordeal successfully, and everything pointed to a rapid recovery.

When the "family," "assembled" in the parlor below, were told that Jo-Anna had given birth to twins their joy knew no bounds.

"Brothers and sisters," said brother John, "you will recollect that some of us were obliged to sacrifice our feelings to the circumstances of the occasion, when Jo-Anna was born, the name Jo-Anna, itself, being a compromise, though a happy one. But everything has worked together for good. A Providential opportunity has been given us to perpetuate the names of our honored parents, leaving nothing to be desired by any one of us. Of course we shall call the children 'Joseph,' and 'Anna.'"

The faces of the "family" were wreathed in smiles when Frank Preston entered the room. All unconscious of the disappointment he was inflicting upon them, he said:

"Jo-Anna tells me that her mother and father were very dear to you and that you will very naturally wish to name the children for them. I really think," he added, with a smile, "that this is her wish; though she bade me say that you were to do just as you wished in the matter," and he hurried away, too happy to note the effect of his words.

The smiles faded from the aged faces of the brothers and sisters, and their eyes filled with tears; but after brother John had spoken the smiles came back, graver and sweeter, and the tears were like diamonds sparkling in the sun.

"Brothers and sisters," said brother John, "of course we shall call the children Ambrose and Carlotta. Jo-Anna must not be made unhappy. We can wait."

T. T. LAXTON.

ALAS!

In order that our new readers may be able to follow the story, we print herewith a synopsis of the preceding portions.

SYNOPSIS.

The opening scene is laid in Oxford, England. James Burgoyne, the hero, has come down from London to visit his friend Brown, a man of philanthropic tendencies, who has on the evening of Burgoyne's arrival an appointment to read before a charitable organization. The night is cold and rainy, and Brown, owing to sudden illness, finds at the last minute he will be unable to fulfill his engagement and begs Burgoyne to take his place, which the latter does most reluctantly.

At the end of the reading, Burgoyne, searching for his mislaid umbrella, comes face to face with a lady whose face is strangely familiar. In her face there is a frightened, haunted look. She evidently recognizes him but turns away as if anxious to avoid a meeting. Burgoyne tries hard to remember where he has seen her and suddenly his memory carries him back to a place in Devonshire, where some ten years before he had been a welcome visitor. Yes, he remembers now the Moat and the family of happy children—Elizabeth, the eldest, and Tom, Charles, Miriam, and Rose. Yes, it is Mrs. Le Marchant. He knows now why he did not recognize her at once. Her hair which, when he last saw her, was raven black, has turned snow white.

On the morning after the meeting Burgoyne, while on the street, again encounters Mrs. Le Marchant. He speaks. She remembers him, yes, perfectly, but by her manner does not seem anxious to renew the acquaintance. He wonders what is wrong, asks about the family, finds all are well, happily married, but Elizabeth, whose name she does not mention. The Moat has been sold and there is evidently a most unpleasant mystery connected with the life in Devonshire. The solution, Burgoyne thinks, must be Elizabeth's death.

Next Burgoyne is in Shropshire with Mrs. Byng, an old friend, who is in trouble about her own son Willy, who has gotten into some trifling trouble in college, for which the faculty deem it best to rusticate him. This period of enforced rest he wishes to spend in Italy, and as Burgoyne is on his way thither to join his fiancée, Mrs. Byng begs him to watch over the wayward boy, and above all things not to let him fall in love with any one. Burgoyne promises to do his best.

Amelia Wilson, the lady to whom Burgoyne has been betrothed for eight years, is neither young nor pretty, and truth to tell he is getting tired of her.

Willy Byng and Burgoyne start off for Florence together. They stop off at Geneva for some sight-seeing, and while strolling through a chapel they come suddenly upon Mrs. Le Marchant, and with her a slight young woman. Burgoyne looks and sees at once it is Elizabeth, whose name her mother avoided when Burgoyne met her.

Why was her name not mentioned and in what way is she mixed up with the sorrow that evidently surrounds the old Devonshire life?

Burgoyne makes himself known, introduces Byng, who is charmed with Elizabeth, but there is a restraint upon the mother and daughter. And Burgoyne's slightest allusion to the Moat is met with stony silence.

Byng and Burgoyne reach Florence; the latter hastens at once to see Amelia. The Wilson family consists of a sister Cecilia, who has just been disappointed in love; Sybilla, an imaginary invalid, and an irritable father, to all of whom poor Amelia is a slave. Burgoyne states his willingness to be married at once, and she, believing in his love, consents eagerly. The one bright spot in her dreary life is the thought of his devotion, and Burgoyne is too noble and loyal to let her see how lukewarm that love is.

Burgoyne and Amelia make preparations for their marriage, and Burgoyne takes Willy Byng to see the Wilsons, and Cecilia, Byng, Burgoyne, and Amelia take a number of pleasure trips together. On one of these sight-seeing expeditions, while walking through one of the old churches, Burgoyne becomes separated from his party and wanders into a little side chapel where he comes without warning upon Mrs. Le Marchant and Elizabeth, the former crying in a quiet, suppressed sort of way and the mother gently soothing her. Burgoyne's heart aches. What can be the trouble? Already the sight of this girl, covered as she is with some cloud of sorrow, makes his heart throb and his pulses beat as poor patient Amelia in the earliest days of their courtship has never done.

The rest of the party come up; he cannot stay concealed longer; introductions follow. The Le Marchant address, Byng finds out after some trouble, is No. 12 Bis, Piazza d'Azeglio, and although they do not ask him to call, he is resolved not to lose sight of Elizabeth, for whom already he feels something more than friendship.

Burgoyne and Byng both visit the Le Marchants at their apartments but never meet them in society. The mystery is in nowise solved. Mrs. Byng turns up in Florence, and seeing Willy with the Le Marchants, about whom she has heard some scandal, upbraids Burgoyne for his want of care of the boy. Burgoyne, indignant, sees no reason why Willy should not marry Elizabeth if he wants to. Mrs. Byng, who is suddenly recalled to England, wants to take Willy away with her, but he refuses to go.

As a surprise to Burgoyne, Amelia gets up an excursion to Vallombrosa and as a greater pleasure for him invites the Le Marchants. The party consists of Amelia, Burgoyne, Mrs. Le Marchant, Elizabeth, and Byng. They start off in good spirits, but before they reach their destination the rain is falling in torrents and a thick fog envelops everything. On reaching the inn, nothing daunted, the party start out sight-seeing in spite of the rain, Mrs. Le Marchant alone remaining at home. This brings the story to the situation at the beginning of chapter XXI.

CHAPTER XXI.

NOT once again, so long as they remain at Vallombrosa, does the envious cloud-blanket lift; and, after sloping about for some time longer, in the vain hope that it will, Burgoyne and his two female relatives-elect return to the inn, all fallen very silent. The other two members of the party have disappeared into the fog. At the door of the hotel they find Mrs. Le Marchant, who has broken from her cerements, and is looking anxiously out. As she catches sight of them the look of tension on her face lessens.

"Oh! here you are!" says she. "I

am so glad; and the others—no doubt the others are close behind.”

“We know nothing about the others,” replies Cecilia, with some ill-humor, taking upon her the office of spokeswoman, which neither of her companions seem in any hurry to assume; “the others took French leave of us an hour ago. Oh! dear, how wet I am! What a horrible excursion! How I detest Vallombrosa!”

Amelia is to the full as wet as her sister; nothing can well be more lamentable than the appearance of either; and upon Amelia's face there is, in addition to a handsome share of splashes of rain, a look of mortification and crestfallenness; but she now puts in her word, with her usual patience and thoughtful good temper.

“I do not think you need be in the least anxious about them,” she says, observing the immediate relapse into what seems an exaggerated concern following instantly upon Cecilia's remark on Mrs. Le Marchant's features; “they were with us not long ago.”

“They must have so much inducement to loiter this charming weather,” cries Cecilia, with an exasperated laugh. “Oh! how wet I am! I do not expect that we shall any of us forget Vallombrosa in a hurry! I shall go and ask the chambermaid to lend me some dry shoes and stockings.”

With these words she walks toward the staircase and climbs it, leaving a muddy imprint on each step to mark her progress as she mounts.

Amelia does not at once follow her example. She remains standing where she was, her arms hanging listlessly by her sides, and the expression of crestfallenness deepened on her fagged face. Her lover is touched by her look; and, going up to her, lays his hands kindly and solicitously on her shoulder.

“Umbrellas are not what they were in my days,” he says, trying to smile. “You

are quite as wet as Cis, though you do not proclaim your sufferings nearly so loudly. Had not you better go and see whether the chambermaid owns *two* pairs of dry stockings?”

She lifts her eyes with wistful gratitude to his.

“This is my treat,” she says slowly; “my first treat to you; oh! poor Jim!”

She goes off docilely, in obedience to his suggestion, in search of dry raiment.

He rejoins Mrs. Le Marchant, whose unaccountable fears have led her beyond the house's shelter out into the rain, where she stands looking down the river of mud which represents the road by which she hopes to see the truants reappear.

“I think you are unnecessarily alarmed,” he says, in a reassuring and remonstrating tone. “What harm could have happened to them?”

She does not answer, her eyes, into which the rain is beating under her umbrella brim, still fixed upon the empty road.

“Is she—is she apt to take cold?” he asks, his own tone catching the infection of her vague and nameless disquiet.

“Yes—no—not particularly, I think. Oh! it is not that!”—her composure breaking down into an unaffected outburst of distress—“it is not that! Do not you understand? Oh! how unwilling I was to come here to-day! It is—do not you see? Oh! I should not mind in the least if it had been you that were with her!”

“Why did not he go home with his mother?” pursues Mrs. Le Marchant, still in that voice of intense vexation. “It would have been so much more natural that he should, and I am sure that she wished it.”

“You are making me feel extremely uncomfortable,” says Burgoyne, gravely, “when I remember that it was I who introduced him to you.”

“Oh! I am not blaming you!” replies

she, with an obvious effort to resume her usual courteous manner. "Please do not think that I am blaming you. How could you help it?"

"I thought you liked him."

"Oh! so I do—so we both do!" cries the poor woman, agitatedly. "That is the worst of it! If I did not like him, I should not mind; at least, I should not mind half so much."

"I am very sorry—" he begins; but she interrupts him.

"Do not be sorry," she says, remorsefully; "you have nothing to say to it. I do not know, I am sure"—looking gratefully at him through the rain. "We have been so happy here," she goes on; "I do not mean *here*"—looking round with an involuntary smile at the envelope of wet vapor that encases them both—"but at Florence; so peacefully, blessedly happy, she and I—you do not know"—with an appealing touch of pathos—"what a dear little companion she is!—so happy that I naturally do not want our memory of the place to be spoilt by any painful *contretemps*. You can understand that, cannot you?"

"I can perfectly enter into your feelings," he answers, with sympathetic gravity; "but do not you know that 'a watched pot never boils'?" As long as you are looking for them they will never appear; but the moment that your back is turned, they will probably come round the corner at once."

"I think it is the truest proverb in the world," she says, with an impatient sigh; but she allows him to guide her and her umbrella back to the inn.

Burgoyne's prediction is not verified; probably he had no very great faith in it himself. Mrs. Le Marchant's back has, for the best part of an hour, been turned upon the mountain road, and the stragglers have not yet rejoined the main body. There has been plenty of time for Cecilia to be thoroughly dried, warmed, comforted, and restored to good humor;

for the *vetturino* to send in and ask whether he shall not put the horses to; for Amelia to exhaust all her little repertory of soothing hypotheses; for Mrs. Le Marchant to stray in restless misery from *salon* to *salle a manger* and back again, and for Burgoyne to pull gloomily at a large cigar in the hall by himself, before at length the voices of the truants are heard.

Burgoyne being, as I have said, in the hall, and therefore nearest the door of entrance, has the earliest sight of them. His first glance tells him that the blow apprehended by Mrs. Le Marchant has fallen. Of Elizabeth, indeed, he scarcely catches a glimpse as she passes him precipitately, hurrying to meet her mother; who, at the sound of her voice, has come running into the outer room. But Byng! Byng has not experienced so many very strong emotions in his short life as to have had much practice in veiling them from the eyes of others when they come, and the gauze now drawn over his intolerable radiance is of the thinnest description. Again that earnest desire to hit him *hard* assails the elder friend.

"Why, you are back before us!" cries the younger man.

"Yes, we are back before you," replies Burgoyne; and if the penalty had been death, he could not at that moment have added one syllable to the acrid assent.

"Are we late?" asks Elizabeth, tremulously; "I am afraid we are late—I am afraid we have kept you waiting! Oh! I am so sorry!"

"Did you lose yourselves? Did you go further into the wood?" asks Cecilia, with a curiosity that is, considering the provocation given, not unjustifiable.

They both reply vaguely that they had lost themselves, that they had gone deeper into the wood. It is obvious to the meanest intelligence that neither of them has the slightest idea where they have been.

"I may as well tell the driver to put

the horses in," says Burgoyne, in a matter-of-fact voice, glad of an excuse to absent himself.

"How—how are we to divide?" cries Cecilia, as they all stand at the door while the two carriages drive up.

No one answers. The arrangement seems planned by no one in particular, and yet, as he drives down the hill, Burgoyne finds himself sitting opposite the two Misses Wilson.

On reaching Florence and the Anglo-Américain, Burgoyne would fain enter and spend the evening with his betrothed. He has a feverish horror of being left alone with his own thoughts, but she gently forbids him.

"It would not be fair upon father and Sybilla," she says. "I am afraid they have not been getting on very well *tete-à-tete* together all this wet day, and I should not be much good to you in any case. I feel stupid. You will say"—smiling—"that there is nothing very new in that; but I am quite beyond even my usual mark to-night. Good-night, dear, I humbly beg your pardon for having caused you to spend such a wretched day. I will never give you another treat—never, *never!* it was my first and last attempt."

She turns from him dejectedly, and he is himself too dejected to attempt any reassuring falsities.

Burgoyne reflects that he may as well dine at once, and then trudge through his solitary evening as best he may. Heaven knows at what hour Byng may return. Shall he await his coming, and so get over the announcement of his bliss to-night, or put the dark hours between himself and it?

He decides in favor of getting it over to-night, up to whatever small hour he may be obliged to attend his friend's arrival. But he has not to wait nearly so long as he expects. He has not to wait at all, hardly. Before he has left his own room, while he is still making such

toilette for his own company as self-respect requires, the person whom he had not thought to behold for another four or five hours enters—enters with head held high, with joy-tinged, smooth cheeks, and with a superb lamp of love and triumph lit in each young eye. He employs one brief word of interrogation:

"Already?"

"I was sent away," replies Byng, in a voice whose intoxication pierces even through the first four small words, "they sent me away—they would not let me go further than the house door. I say 'they,' but of course *she* had no hand in it, *she*, not *she*. *She* would not have sent me away, God bless her! it was her mother, of course—how could she have had the heart?"

Burgoyne would no doubt have made some answer in time; though the "she," the implication of Elizabeth's willingness for an indefinite amount of her lover's company, the "God bless her" gave him a sense of choking.

"But I do not blame Mrs. Le Marchant," pursues Byng, in a rapt, half-absent key. "Who would not wish to monopolize her? Who would not grudge the earth leave to kiss her sweet foot? If she had allowed me, I would have lain on her threshold all night; I would have been the first thing that her heavenly eye lit on; I would—"

But Burgoyne's phial of patience is for the present emptied to the dregs.

"You would have made a very great fool of yourself, I have not the least doubt. Why try to persuade a person of what he is already fully convinced? But as Miss Le Marchant happily did not wish for you as a door-mat, perhaps it is hardly worth while telling me what you would have done if she had."

The sarcastic words, ill-natured and unsympathetic as they sound in their own speaker's ears, yet avail to bring the young dreamer but a very few steps lower down his ladder of bliss.

"I beg your pardon," he says, sweet-temperedly; "I suppose I am a hideous bore to-night; I suppose one must always be a bore to other people when one is tremendously happy."

"It is not your being tremendously happy that I quarrel with," growls Burgoyne, "but what I should be glad to arrive at is your particular ground for it in the present case."

"What particular ground I have?" he repeats, in a dreamy tone of ecstasy. "You ask what particular ground I have? Had ever any one cause to be so royally happy as I? I had a prognostic that to-day would be the culminating day—something told me that to-day would be the day; and when you gave me up your seat in her carriage—how could you be so magnificently generous? How can I ever adequately show you my gratitude?"

"Yes, yes; never mind that."

"Then, later on, in the wood"—his voice sinking, as that of one who approaches a Holy of Holies—"when that blessed mist wrapped her round, wrapped her lovely body round, so that I was able to withdraw her from you, so that you did not perceive that she was gone—were not you really aware of it? Did not it seem to you as if the light had gone out of the day? When we stood under those dripping trees, as much alone as if—"

"I do not think that there is any need to go into those details," interrupts Burgoyne, in a hard voice; "I imagine that in these cases history repeats itself with very trifling variations; what I should be glad if you would tell me is, whether I am to understand that you have to-day asked Miss Le Marchant to marry you?"

Byng brings his eyes, which have been lifted in a sort of trance to the ceiling, down to the prosaic level of his Mentor's severe and tight-lipped face.

"When you put it in that way," he says, in an awed half-whisper, "it does seem an inconceivable audacity on my

part that I, who but a few days ago was crawling at her feet, should dare to-day to reach up to the heaven of her love."

Burgoyne had known perfectly well that it was coming; but yet how much worse is it than he had expected!

"Then you *did* ask her to marry you?"

But Byng has apparently fled back on the wings of fantasy into the wet woods of Vallombrosa, for he makes no verbal answer.

"She said yes?" asks Burgoyne, raising his voice, as if he were addressing some one deaf. "Am I to understand that she said yes?"

"I do not know what she said; I do not think she said anything," he answers, "we have got beyond speech, she and I! We have reached that region where hearts and intelligences meet without the need of those vulgar go-betweens—words."

There is a moment's pause, broken only by the commonplace sound of an electric bell rung by some inmate of the hotel.

"And has Mrs. Le Marchant reached that region, too?" inquires Jim, presently, with an irony he cannot restrain. "Does she too understand without words, or have you been obliged, in her case, to employ those vulgar go-betweens?"

"She *must* understand—she *does*—undoubtedly she does!" cries Byng, whose drunkenness shares with the more ordinary kind the peculiarity of believing whatever he wishes to be not only probable but inevitable. "Who could see us together and be in uncertainty for a moment?"

"Then you have not told Mrs. Le Marchant yet?"

"No, not yet; not yet!"

"And your own mother?"

"My own mother?"

"Yes; you will write at once to tell her, I suppose?"

For a second the young man's forehead clouds, then he breaks into an excited laugh.

"Tell her? I should rather think I should! Do you suppose that I shall lose a moment in telling everybody I know—everybody I ever heard of? I want you to tell everybody, too—every single soul of your acquaintance!"

"I?"

"Tell Amelia, tell Cecilia," quite unaware, in his excitement, of the freedom he is taking, for the first time in his life, with those young ladies' Christian names—"tell the other one—the sick one; tell them all! I want *her* to feel that all my friends, everybody I know, welcome her—hold out their arms to her. I want them all to tell her they are glad—you most of all, of course, old chap; she will not think it is all right till you have given your consent!"—laughing again with that bubbling over of superfluous joy. "Do you know—it seems incomprehensible now—but there was a moment when I was madly jealous of you. I was telling *her* about it to-day; we were laughing over it together in the wood."

Burgoyne feels that one more mention of that wood will convert him into a lunatic quite as indisputable as his companion, only very much more dangerous.

"Indeed!" he says, grimly. "I should have thought you might have found a more interesting subject of conversation."

"Perhaps I was not so very far out either"—possibly dimly perceiving, even through the golden haze of his own glory, the lack of enjoyment of his last piece of news conveyed by Jim's tone—"for she has an immense opinion of you. I do not know any one of whom she has so high an opinion; she says you are so dependable."

"So dependable," repeats Byng, apparently pleased with the epithet. "She says you gave her the idea of being a

sort of rock. You will come to-morrow, and wish her joy, will not you?"

"I am afraid that my wishing it *her* will not help her much to it," answers Burgoyne, rather sadly; "but I do not think you need much doubt that I do wish it. Joy"—repeating the word over reflectively—"it is a big thing to wish any one."

The extreme dampness of his tone arrests for a few minutes Byng's jubilant pæan.

"You do not think that my mother will be pleased with the news?" he asks, presently, in a changed and hesitating key.

"I do not think about it; I know she will not!"

"I suppose not, and yet"—with an accent of stupefaction—"it is inconceivable that she, who has always shown such a tender sympathy for me in any paltry little bit of luck that has happened to me, should not rejoice with me when all heaven ope—"

"Yes, yes; of course."

"Do you think"—with a gleam of hope—"that my mother may have tried to dissuade me because she thought I was only laying up disappointment for myself—because she thought it so unlikely that *she* should deign to stoop to me?"

Burgoyne shakes his head.

"Perhaps," he says, with the slowness of a man who is saying what he himself does not believe, "a part of your mother's dislike to the idea may be in the fact of Miss Le Marchant's being older than you."

"Older!" cries Byng, with almost a shout of angry derision at the suggestion. "What have creatures like *her* to do with age? I neither know nor care what her age is. If you know, do not tell me! I will not listen! Upon that exquisite body time and change are powerless to work their hideous metamorphoses!"

"Fiddlesticks!" replies Burgoyne, gruffly. "If she live long enough she

will be an old woman and will look like one, I suppose!" though, even as he speaks, he realizes that to him this is almost as incredible as to the young madman whom he is so pitilessly snubbing. "But, however that may be, I think you had better make up your mind to meeting the most resolved opposition on the part of your mother."

"I believe you are right," replies Byng, out of whose voice his kind Mentor has at last succeeded in momentarily conjuring the exaltation. "Her prejudice against them, against *her*, always filled me with stupefaction. I never dared trust myself to discuss it with her; I was afraid that if I did I might be led into saying something to her, something I should be sorry for afterward. Thank God, I have never spoken unkindly of her in all my life!"

"You would have been a sweep if you had!" interjects Jim.

"I never heard her give any reason for it, did you? It was as baseless as it was senseless." After a pause, his voice taking on again its inflection of confident, soaring triumph, "But it cannot last—it is absolutely beyond the wildest bounds of possibility that it can last! After five minutes' talk mother will be at her feet; I know my mother so well! Not one of her exquisite ways will be lost upon her, and *she* will do her very best to win her!"

"Jim, I ask you—I put it to you quietly and plainly—I know you think I am mad, but I am not—I am speaking quite rationally and coolly—but I ask you—you, an impartial bystander—do you think that any human being, anything made of flesh and blood, could resist *her*—her, when she puts herself out to please—*her* at her very best?"

As Burgoyne is conscious of not being in a position to answer this question with much satisfaction to himself, he leaves it unanswered.

CHAPTER XXII.

"Some say the genius so
Cries come to him that instantly must die."

A NEW day has awaked, and Firenze, fresh-washed after yesterday's rain, smelling through all her streets of lilies, laughs up, wistaria-hung, to a fleckless sky. If poor Amelia had but deferred her treat for twenty-four hours, what a different Vallombrosa would she and her companions have carried home in their memories! Amelia's treat!

"I shall not forget Amelia's treat in a hurry!" Burgoyne says to himself, as he sits appetiteless over his solitary breakfast. "I had better go and tell her the result of it."

As he makes this reflection he rises with some alacrity, and, leaving his scarcely-tasted coffee and his not-at-all-tasted omelette, walks out of the *salle à manger*. His motive for so early a visit to the Anglo-Américain is less an excessive eagerness to proclaim his piece of news than the thought that by so doing he will, at least for a few hours, escape the necessity of being in his young friend's company.

Owing to his arrival at the Anglo-Américain so much sooner than usual, he finds himself coming in for the ceremony of Sybilla's installation for the day in the drawing-room. Cecilia goes before with an air-cushion, and Mr. Wilson follows. At the moment of Burgoyne's entry she has just reached that unbecoming point where she is sitting sideways on her sofa before her wasted limbs—Burgoyne is one of those heretics who have never believed that they are wasted—have been carefully lifted into their final posture of extension upon the Austrian blanket. It is, of all moments, the one at which interruption is least welcome; nor is the intruder at all surprised at being greeted by the invalid with a more than subacid accent.

"My dear Jim, *already!* Why, you become more *matinale* every day! you are the early bird, indeed! You do not"—with an annoyed laugh—"give us poor worms a chance of being beforehand with you."

"I am very sorry if I am too soon," replies he, his eyes wandering away from the fretful features before him in search of others upon which he knows he shall find written no complaint of his prematurity—"but I came to—Where's Amelia?"

"You may well ask," replies Sybilla, with a sort of hysterical laugh. "It is pretty evident that she is not *here!* My dear Sis, would you mind remembering that my head is not made of mahogany? you gave it such a bang with that cushion. I am very sorry to trouble you. The heaviest load a sick person has to bear is the feeling that she is such a burden to those around her, and certainly, my dear, you do not help me to forget it."

"Where is she?" repeats Burgoyne, hastily, both because he wants to know, and because he is anxious to strangle in its infancy one of those ignoble family bickerings, to assist at many of which has been the privilege or penalty of his state of intimacy.

"She is not well," replies Cecilia, shortly, her rosy face rosier than usual, either with joy of imminent battle or with the exertion of swaddling, under protest, the invalid's now elevated legs.

"Not well! Amelia not well," echoes he, in a tone of incredulity.

During all the years of their acquaintance not once has he heard his patient sweetheart complain of ache or pain. Manlike he has therefore concluded that she can never have felt either.

"It is very thoughtless of her," says Cecilia, with a not altogether amiable laugh, and giving a final irritated slap to Sybilla's coverlet—"considering how much illness we already have in the house; ha! ha! but it is true all the

same, she is not well, not at all well; she is in bed."

"*In bed!*"

"She must have caught a chill yesterday on that disgusting excursion; driving home that long distance in wet shoes and stockings."

"But I thought, I hoped that—I asked her to change them."

"She had them dried in a sort of way; but I could see when she put them on again that they were really wringing wet still. I told her so, but she only answered that even if they were, what matter? she never caught cold. You know that Amelia never thinks that anything matters that concerns herself."

This would be an even handsomer tribute to Amelia than it is if it did not suggest a secondary intention of administering a back-hander to some one else.

"In the case of my children," says Mr. Wilson, making his voice heard for the first time from the window, where he is discontentedly peering up and down the sheets of a journal through his spectacles, "there seems to be no mean possible between senseless rashness and preposterous self-indulgence."

Mr. Wilson likes his eldest daughter. He is uneasy and upset, and rather angry at her indisposition, and this is his way of showing his paternal tenderness.

"*In bed!*"

The human animal is the most adaptive of created beings; but even it requires some little time to adjust itself to entering new conditions of existence.

"Amelia," continues Mr. Wilson, fanning the flame of his ire with the bellows of his own rhetoric, "is the one among you whom I did credit with the possession of a head upon her shoulders, and now here she is wantonly laying herself up!"

"You talk as if she did it on purpose, father," says Cecilia, with an indignant laugh—"as if she enjoyed it. I do not think that any one, even Sybilla"—with a resentful side glance at the sofa—

"could enjoy having her teeth chattering with cold, her head as heavy as lead, and her knees knocking together under her."

"Good heavens!" cries Jim, his bewildered surprise swallowed up in genuine alarm; "you do not mean to say that she is as bad as that?"

"You have had advice for her? You have sent for Dr. Coldstream?" he asks rapidly of the two sound members of the family, turning his back unceremoniously upon the invalid.

"I was going to send for him at once," answers Cecilia, her own latent anxiety quickened by the evident alarm of her interlocutor, "but Sybilla said it was needless, as in any case he was coming to see her this afternoon."

"I think he wishes to change my medicine," puts in Sybilla, in a piano voice, that shows an evident desire to assert her threatened position of prime and only genuine invalid, a sort of "beware of imitations" tone; "he is not quite satisfied with the effect of the last, I think; it has not brought up the pulse and quickened the appetite in the way he hoped. I thought that he might run up and look at Amelia at the end of his visit to me."

"And is it possible," inquires Jim, with some heat, "that you are going to let half a day go by without doing anything for her? I suppose you have not exaggerated, have you?" turning, with an earnest appeal in his eyes, to Cecilia; "but in any case I am very sure that nothing short of being really and gravely ill would have kept her in bed—she who is always waiting hand and foot upon us all, whom we all allow to spend her life in hewing wood and drawing water for us."

"Send for Dr. Coldstream at once," says Mr. Wilson, irritably; "at once, I tell you; he is so very seldom out of the house that I have often thought of suggesting to him to take a room here; and now, on the only occasion on which he is really needed, he is not at hand."

"If you will write the note," says Jim, a shade relieved at having at last succeeded in rousing Amelia's relations to prompt action and feeling a feverish desire to be doing something, "I will take it at once; it will be the quickest way; I may catch him before he goes out and bring him back with me."

"Do you really think it is necessary?" ask Sybilla, as Jim hustles Cecilia to her writing-table and stands nervously fidgeting beside her as she writes; "do you think, if it is only a common cold, as I suspect, that it is quite fair to worry a man who is so run off his legs already? He will probably laugh in your face; still, if you are so set upon it, it is perhaps more satisfactory."

"You need not go into details—just a line—make haste!" cries Jim, hanging tiresomely over Cecilia, rather impeding her than the reverse by his impatience, and leaving entirely unnoticed Sybilla's observation, which indeed has been uttered more to preserve her own self-respect than with much hope that in the present wrong-headed state of mind of her family any members will pay much heed to it.

In five minutes more, Jim with Cecilia's note in his pocket, is being borne rapidly in a fiacre through the sweet, gay streets. But, drive as rapidly as he may, he is not quick enough to intercept the popular English doctor, who, although, as his servant tantalizingly informs Jim, he is almost always at home at that hour, has, on this occasion, been sent for to an urgent case of sudden illness out of Florence, at the village of Peretola. Jim has to content himself with the assurance that immediately on his return the note will be given him; and with this unsatisfactory intelligence Mr. Burgoyne reappears at the Anglo-Américain. He finds the three persons whom he had left much as he had quitted them—uneasy, cross, and unemployed.

"It is all the fault of that odious ex-

pedition yesterday," says Cecilia, harking back to her old cry. "Why we set out at all, I can't imagine; on such a day, it was madness, and—"

"It is not much use thinking of that now," interrupts Burgoyne, impatiently, and wincing at these philippics against his poor bride's miserable treat as if they had been directed against herself.

"Well, it is an ill-wind that blows nobody any good," pursues the young lady. "I suppose that two of us enjoyed it enough to make up for the wretchedness of the other four."

Her large prominent eyes are fixed upon Jim as she speaks with a sort of knowingness overlying their former lugubrious expression.

"Do you mean Mr. Byng and Miss Le Marchant?" inquires he, pronouncing both names with a labored distinctness, while his voice sounds to himself loud and wooden. "You are perfectly right in your conjecture; no doubt they enjoyed themselves. Byng wished me to tell you that they are engaged to be married."

If the essence of a good piece of news is to surprise, Jim can certainly not flatter himself that his comes under that head.

"It did not require a conjurer to prophesy that," is Cecilia's comment. "I never saw two people who troubled themselves less to disguise their feelings. I saw that they neither of them knew whether they were on their heads or on their heels, when they emerged dripping from that horrid pine wood. Dear me!"—with a good-sized sigh—"how smoothly things run for some people! how easily some of these affairs come off, without a hitch anywhere from beginning to end!"

She pauses, and it is plain to those acquainted with her heart history that her thoughts are coursing mournfully back to the all-along reluctant and ultimately entirely faithless clergyman who had last possessed her young affections.

"Without a hitch from beginning to

end?" cried Jim, hotly, jarred more than he would like to own to himself by this phrase. "How can you possibly tell? These are early days to assert that so dogmatically.

"There's many a slip
'Twixt the cup and the lip."

"Do you mean to say that you think it will not come off?" asks Cecilia, a slightly pleasurable light coming into her eyes as she asks—not that she has any ill-will toward Elizabeth, nor any distinct design of her own upon Byng; but that there is something not absolutely disagreeable to her in the idea of his being still among the ranks of the possible.

"I am sure he would make a delightful husband," puts in Sybilla, her praise given emphasis by her desire to employ it as a weapon of offense against one who is at present more deeply than usual in her black books; "he has such gentle, feminine ways; he comes into a room so quietly, and when he asks one how one is really listens for the answer."

"Perhaps you are right, and it will fall through," says Cecilia, thoughtfully; "many engagements do!" (sighing again). "She is a sweet, pretty creature, and looks as if butter would not melt in her mouth, but she is evidently older than he."

"Jim will not allow that to be an objection," cries Sybilla, with a faint laugh, "will you, Jim? How much older than you is Amelia? I always forget."

"I never can help thinking that she has a history," resumes Cecilia, in a meditative voice, "and that Mr. Greenock knows it. If ever her name is mentioned he always begins to look wise, as if there were something that he was longing to tell one about her; it is continually on the tip of his tongue—some day it will tumble over the tip."

"I do not think that there is any use in my staying all this while!" cries Jim, jumping up. "Dr. Coldstream cannot be

here at soonest for another hour; and I do not think that we are, any of us, very good company for each other to-day, so I will look in again later."

He is out of the room and out of the hotel before his companions can take exception to his disappearance. For some time he walks along aimlessly, his mind a jumble of misery, and dull, remorseful anxiety about Amelia; intolerable comparisons between his own lot and his friend's; sharp knives of jealousy as often as—which is almost unintermittently—his imagination wings its cruel way to the Piazza d'Azeglio—through one opulent week his Piazza.

Having come to this conclusion, his aimless walk quickens, and changes into a purposeful striding through streets and piazzas, till he finds himself standing at the door of 12a. He looks up at the *entresol* windows—they are all open, but no one is either sitting in or looking out at them. It is as he had thought. The window is too public for them; neither can they be at the piano, for not a sound or either voice or instrument is wafted down to him. He runs up the stone stairs, and rings the electric bell. The standing before the unopened portal, and the trembling jar of the bell bring back to him with a vividness he could do without, those other long-ago days—they seem to him long ago—when he stood there last, with no easy heart even then, but yet with how different anticipations. He has found it hard enough to bear the brunt of Byng's furious inhuman joy when alone with him. How will he stand it when he sees them together?

He is recalled from these reflections by the opening of the door, and the appearance in it of the ministering angel who has usually admitted him into his Eden—Annunziata. It strikes him that Annunziata looks older and more dishevelled than ever, and is without that benevolent smile of welcoming radiance which her hard-featured face generally

wears. Nor does she, as his been ner wont, stand back to let him pass in almost before he has put his question, as if she could not admit him quickly enough. But to-day she stands, on the contrary, in the doorway without a smile. In a second the idea flashes across Jim's mind that Byng has forbidden any one to be let in. It turns him half sick for the moment, and it is with an unsteady voice that he stammers:

"The Signora? The Signorina?"

Annunziata lifts her shoulders in a dismal shrug, and stretches out her hands:

"Gone!"

"Gone! You mean gone out driving?" Then remembering that her English is as minus a quantity as his Italian, he adds in eager explanation, "en fiacre?"

She shakes her head, and then nods vaguely in the direction of the whole of the rest of the world—the whole, that is, that is not 12 Bis.

"No, gone!"

"But *where*? *Dove*?" cries he, frantic with irritation at his own powerlessness either to understand or be understood.

Again she shakes her head.

"I do not know; they did not say."

He gathers this to be her meaning, and hurriedly puts another query.

"When? *Quando*?"

But her answer being longer and more voluble, he can't take in its drift, seeing which she retreats a step, and, motioning him with her hand to enter, points down the passage. He does not require to have the dumb-show of invitation twice repeated, but rushing past her hurries down the well-known little corridor to the salon door. It is open, and he stands within. At the first glance it seems to him to wear much its usual air. There is even a score of music standing on the piano, the copper pots are full of rose branches, and the *scaldini* brimming with Firenze's own lilies, the bit of red Venetian brocade, with the little old tinsel fringe, still hangs over the arm-chair by

the fireplace, and the blue Neapolitan table-cover still disguises the vulgarity of the sofa. He has misunderstood Annunziata—it is really monstrous to be so helplessly ignorant of the language of the country you are living in—or she has lost her wits, or— He had thought the room empty, but as he advances a step further into it, he discovers that he is not the sole occupant, that lying stretched upon the floor, with his fair head buried

in a little pillow, against which both men have often seen Elizabeth's small white cheek resting, is Byng!—the Byng whose riotous, insolent happiness he had doubted his own powers of witnessing without murdering him!—the splendid felicity of whose lot he has been so bitterly laying beside his own destiny—the Byng whom he had been gnashing his teeth at the thought of—at the thought of him with his arm about Elizabeth.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TRAINING. It is well known that the physical system can be so trained as to conform itself either to rigid rules or to variety. It can become used to be limited or to a mingled diet, to a clock-work precision of time or to frequent variations, to an even temperature or to alternations, to a single climate or to changes. And, when the system is accustomed to these various modifications, it has as truly formed a habit as when it has come to be restricted to the narrowest limits. So it is with the thoughts, the feelings, and the actions of men. They may be trained into narrowness or breadth, they may be confined within single lines, or familiarized with many.

MANY people never learn the full meaning of gratitude. They imagine that its chief office is to make, if possible, some corresponding return. If they would remember that the benefit conferred consists much more in the feeling of kindness, good-will, or sympathy which prompts it than in anything actually given or done, they would have a different view of the sort of gratitude that ought to follow.

THE heart and the hand can never be separated in any just estimate of

character, nor can we decide which of them is the more valuable, because either one alone would be comparatively valueless, or rather impossible. Each needs the other, not only to perfect the character, but for its own continued existence.

THE world is not a race-course or a battle-field or a prize-fight. It is a place in which each man is given his own sphere to occupy and his own duty to do; and, if that sphere be occupied honorably and that duty be done well, every man is undoubtedly a victor and a "fit survivor."

ALTHOUGH the desire to help and benefit men is a primary condition for doing it, the knowing how to accomplish it harmlessly and permanently is a large part of the work; and that must come, if at all, through intelligent reasoning. Strong feeling is nearly always one-sided, and some of the truth is thus overlooked.

To die and know that when men think of you no inspiration will arise, but only the memory of harshness, or hatred, or falsehood, or pitilessness—that makes death terrible. Be otherwise. Let your works follow you with inspiring power. Speak from the grave to comfort, kindle, redeem.

TREAD OUT IN THE NIGHT TO YOUR BELL'S GLAD RINGING.



CLASP hands, O brothers! the Old Year is dying,
Slowly drifting away to the long ago,
To the land that is misty with sorrow and sighing,
Yet sweet withal for its memory's glow;
A beautiful picture of pain and pleasure,
O mortals! you know, you know.

Press the pale Old Year to your hearts' wild throbbing,
He came with the promise the New Year brings,
While the bells were ringing he hushed your sobbing,
His young eyes filled with unutterable things;
You felt their glances deep down in your bosoms,
Where only an echo now rings.

Press him closer, oh! closer, the Old Year dying,
Ere gayly you welcome the New Year's birth;
He was trusty and true, hush, hush your crying,
It was you who were false to your place on earth;
Meet your lips to his lips in the solemn silence
Ere you turn to the joy and the mirth.

Tread out in the night to your bell's glad ringing
With spirits all chastened to greet the New Year,
Oh! look in his eyes and give promise for promise,
Though the laughter peeps out through the tear;
Let him come to your arms with his bright face unclouded,
With never a quiver or fear.

LOUISE R. BAKER.

A BELL PARTY.

A NEW YEAR'S CALL.

THE boarders at Mrs. Dalton's found curious-looking envelopes lying beside each plate as they took their seats at the breakfast table a few mornings after Christmas. They were large-sized, and bulged a little, and certain tinkles issuing from the inside seemed to indicate something more than mere pen and paper could produce.

"What thing 'new under the sun' are the ladies up to now?" said Dr. Bird, jingling his envelope.

"Open sesame!" cried one of the others, upon which they all opened their envelopes and discovered them to contain a card of invitation, to which was attached, by a bright-colored ribbon, a tiny bell, like those used to decorate the collars or pugs and kittens. The card read as follows:

"A New Year's Call!"

"You are requested to attend a meeting to be held in the parlor, December 31st, 1890.

"Each person will prepare himself to donate some bit of information, original or selected, upon the subject of BELLS.

"Partners for the evening will be discovered by the color of the ribbons upon the bells attached, which they will wear and jingle as occasion requires.

"Virginia Reel at 10.00.

"Supper Bell at 11.00.

"New Year's Bells at Midnight.

"Ring out the old! Ring in the new!

"1890. 1891."

There was considerable amusement over the originality of the affair, and each person left the table jingling their individual

bell and deciding that they would "obey orders" to the best of their ability.

Accordingly, upon the evening of the 31st, there was a "sound of revelry," indeed, as the merry party all assembled and rang their bells gayly as they sought out their partners, beside whom they were to have their seat for the evening.

Miss Dalton, who always presided at these impromptu amusements in the household, began by saying:

"I would announce to the belles and beaux here present that there will be a little prize given to the person receiving the most votes as to the best contribution offered this evening. We have had so many amusing entertainments lately that in this affair we have essayed to be instructive as well as entertaining. Dr. Bird will now kindly give us his talk upon the subject of bells and first opening the meeting with *my* donation in the sound of the CALL-BELL," and she struck the pretty little silver table-bell at her side.

Dr. Bird arose, and making his bow, his little bell tinkling the while, said:

"*Mr. President and Ladies and Gentlemen:*

"The Feast of Osiris is known to have been announced by bells, and in the East the tinkling of hand-bells were also used for a summons to all gayeties, we therefore obey your call-bell and to this 'Feast of Reason' offer our little crumb. Bells," he continued, "have been used for calling people to worship in various ways by many people for centuries. The Jews, Greeks, Romans, Catholics, and heathens all have made use of bells in their different religious ceremonies. The responses of the Dodonæan Oracles were in part conveyed by bells. The Catholic

Church excommunicates by 'Bell, Book, and Candle.'

"Pliny tells us that bells were invented before his day. They were called Tintinnabula. Among Christians they were first employed to call together religious congregations, for which purpose runners had been employed previously. Paulinus, Bishop of Nola, in Campania, is said to have first introduced church bells in the fourth century, and hence the Latin names of the bells—*Campana* and *Nola*—are said to have originated.

"In the sixth century they were used in convents, and at that time first introduced into France. It was Pope Sebastian who first ordered that the hours of the day should be announced by striking the bells, in order that the people might be in readiness for the hours of singing and prayers.

"Bells were first cast in England by Gurkeytel, Chancellor of England under Edmund I.

"In the eighth century the custom of baptizing and naming bells began, and in Catholic countries the practice of baptizing or consecrating church bells is continued to this day. By this, it is believed that pestilence, storms and various ills can be rung away by the sacred sound. It is called, 'Ringing the hallowed bell,' and as late as the year 1852 the Bishop of Malta ordered the church bells to be rung for an hour to 'lay a gale of wind.' Among the noted bells of the world is the great bell of Moscow, said to weigh four hundred and forty-three thousand seven hundred and twenty-two pounds. It is unsuspended. Its metal alone is valued at sixty-six thousand five hundred and sixty-five pounds sterling. In its fusion great quantities of gold and silver were thrown in as votive offerings by the people. It was cast in the reign of the Empress Anne in 1653. The bell of St. Paul's, London, Great Tom, of Christ Church, Oxford, and St. Peter's Bell, at Rome, are all wonderful bells, both in

size and construction. I believe this is all I have to say concerning the subject in hand," said the Doctor, resuming his seat.

Miss Dalton consulted the little programme she held, and said:

"Mrs. Roth, who is your partner, Doctor, will now give us her contribution."

"My donation upon this subject," replied Mrs. Roth, looking at her notes, "is a few words about Schiller's 'Lay of the Bell.'

"This poem is said to be one of the finest of the great poet's, and has been largely translated.

"In order to make himself master of the mechanical process, which he has so beautifully applied to the ideal, the poet went to a bell foundry and learned for himself the manner of working, and the literal forging and casting of the bell runs throughout the poem in musical rhythm, while a deeper undercurrent of moral is heard in the 'Lay of Life' which is related from birth to death in majestic measure. The making of the bell is told from beginning to end, until, at last completed, the forgers exclaim:

"Like a golden star behold!

Like a kernel smooth and bright,

Pour the metal from the mold,

God has given us delight;

Comrades, stand and give your aid,

To christen now the bell we've made!

To earnest and external things

Devoted be her metal tongue,

And as she hourly swiftly swings

Be none of Time's great deeds unsung,

And let her be the tongue of fate,

Tho' heart nor feeling she can claim—

And rocking to and fro relate

Of Life, the ever-changing game,

And as the sound dies on the ear

That makes the welkin ring on high

So may she teach this truth severe,

All earthly grandeur soon must die."

Mrs. Roth seated herself, and Miss Dalton read off her programme: "Miss Kitty Wood will donate her little bit of Bell."

Kitty blushed, for she knew the other girls would immediately think of a certain ride she had had in the Park a few days before, but she arose and declaimed in a very pretty manner, jingling her little bell:

“ Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody for-
tells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night
While the stars that over-sprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a chrystalline delight,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of runic rhyme
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the
bells.”

Kitty sat down to a little round of applause, and Miss Dalton continued, a little roguishly:

“ Your partner is Captain Merritt, Miss Wood, I believe. Captain, what have you to say on the subject of Bells?”

The Captain glanced admiringly at Kitty's warm color, and read from a little penciled card in his hand.

“ For his Honor, and his Land,
Stands the soldier, sword in hand;
Fight will he, come weal, come woe,
Die, or vanquish every foe:
But to few things low he bows,
Unto many makes no vows,
Those he utters, he keeps well
And he kneels to Church—and—*Belle!*”

“ I'm sure that is original, Captain,” said Miss Dalton, “ and very gallant. Now Dr. Wade, it is your turn.”

“ My selection is something very foolish,” said the Doctor, rattling his little bell, and consulting his notes:

“ In the Middle Ages, there was a kind of Saturnalia held upon January first, which date we are fast approaching,

called, the ‘Feast of Fools.’ Its chief object was to honor the ass upon which our Lord made His triumphant entry into Jerusalem. The office of the day was first chanted in travesty, then a procession being formed, all sorts of absurdities both of dress and manner and instrumentation—of which bells formed a feature, were indulged in. Bells were also used as adornments of the costumes, and from that celebration, the dress of fools, or court jesters, was doubtless taken.

“ In the time of Shakespeare, the dress of the court fool was a motley, or parti-colored coat, attached to the body by a girdle, having bells hung on the skirt and sleeves; a hood partly covered the head and shoulders, it also being trimmed profusely with bells; they carried a little stick, terminating in a puppet's head and thickly strewn with bells.

“ Court fools have not always been dull fellows by any means; the ‘Merry Andrew’ of the time of Henry VIII, was a very wise and celebrated personage, and many other court fools have been wise as well as witty. ‘Poor Yorrick’ seems to have won the love and respect, as well as admiration, of the Prince of Denmark.

“ Cap and bells may therefore sometimes be the mark of intellect,” and the Doctor jingled his little bell merrily as he took his seat.

“ Miss Grant, we will have your donation, if you please, continued Miss Dalton.

Miss Grant walked over to the piano and played a brilliant selection of airs from the “Chimes of Normandy.”

“ Mr. Dale, you are Miss Grant's partner. What have you to offer?”

“ Actually, I have not much to say, except apology,” replied that gentleman. “ I was unable to read up anything. The Captain has forestalled my attempt at compliment to the ladies present, so I

will quote all that I can remember on the subject of bells.

"Ding dong bell,
Pussy's in the well,
Who put her in?
Little Tommy Green.
Who took her out?
Good Johnny Stout!"

and Mr. Dale sat down, amid a chorus of laughter.

"Miss Derwent, what have you?"

"I will read some verses a dear friend of us all wrote for a golden wedding recently," replied Miss Derwent, rising.

Miss Dalton looked up, smiled and blushed, and they all knew that she must be their author.

"GOLDEN WEDDING BELLS.

Ring out, O golden wedding bells!
Ring sweet and loud and clear,
And let your gladsome echoes fall
On every listening ear;
Tell of the happy days well spent,
The labors, honest, true,
The joys, the pleasures always shared
Together, by these two;
Tell how the weary hours of care,
Of sorrow, grief, and woe,
When lightened by united love—
Love, Time could not out-grow!
Oh! ring out freely, golden bells,
A weddin' peal anew,
For these, who fifty years ago
Saw each their troth so true;
Ring loud a pean of belief and trust,
In honor, truth, and love,
Until your happy echoes reach
Their resting-place above."

Applause followed this original idea on the subject, and bowing her thanks, Miss Dalton continued:

"Miss Crane, if you please?"

"My contribution is short; first I will say a word about our own *Liberty Bell*.

It was imported from England in 1752, and was cracked at its trial ringing, but was recast and in its New-World voice and tongue rang out its glad tidings to the United States, 'Proclaim Liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof.'

"Among the various bells in use I find the church bell, school bell, town bell, fire bell, cow bell, supper bell"—just here the supper bell was rang loudly and the company, each with the partner assigned him, made their way to the dining-room, where a merry repast was served.

"And the prizes?" asked Dr. Bird, when they had finished and were about to adjourn to the parlor for a dance.

Slips of paper and pencils were then produced and each one wrote the name of the person whose contribution they decided had won the prize.

Dr. Bird counted the names and announced:

"Ladies' Prize, to Miss Dalton. Gentlemen's, won by the gallant Captain Merritt."

Mrs. Bird brought forth the box containing the articles, and attaching each to its winner, said, tying a tiny gold bell upon Miss Dalton's button, "For the fair Belle, and this for the gallant Beau," and she pinned on to Captain Merritt's coat a bow of gold ribbon and lace.

The Virginia Reel followed until the clock struck twelve, when all were silent, then there came glad New Year's greetings and the little bells all jingled and the great bells pealed and they all sang in chorus:

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring happy bells across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

AUGUSTA DE BUBNA.

THE LETTER.

WE were in the very heart of the low-roofed, wooden-shuttered, stone-oven world—the typical French country of the Province of Quebec. Our driving-tour from St. Pierre to St. Johns had led us across the great marsh that stretches from north to south the whole length of “*La Paroisse du Saint Esprit*,” and for more than two hours we had seen nothing but the black, ditch-bordered road, and on either side scrubby bushes interspersed with small dead trees, and overhung with a thick cloud of smoke from distant forest-fires. Before us was a river—broad, dark and sluggish; beyond it on the left a barren waste; on the right a high brick wall. Inside was a dense growth of aspens and pines, and through the lessening smoke we could distinguish a large building.

“Jail, or lunatic asylum?” I asked.

“Neither,” answered my companion. “Residence of a gentleman fond of retirement.”

As he said these words his English thoroughbred stepped on the wooden bridge, and before he had gone twice his length stopped.

“What is it, Ned?” asked Jack, turning his attention to the horse. “Don’t you like the outlook?”

Ned lifted his beautiful head high in the air, and with his ears pricked forward stood quite still.

Two or three minutes passed and he still kept his air of strained attention.

“Come, old boy!” Jack said, finally, but he did not move.

“He sees or hears something we cannot,” I said.

“Don’t understand it,” said Jack. “Perhaps he doesn’t like the black water.”

We waited a little longer, then Jack spoke, decidedly, “Go on, Ned.”

The poor brute hesitated, then started. There was a crash, a shock, a rush of gurgling water, a sickening, horrible contact with mud and slime, a desperate struggle, a moment that was an unmeasured space of time, and we were clear. But Jack’s was a dead weight when I struck out for the shore, and I left him motionless on the bank while I ran for help.

When I reached the gates in the long wall I found them shut and barred. I shook them; I shouted, and only the echoes answered me. I shouted louder—all was still.

The gates were not intended to be scaled, but in another minute I was inside and running toward the vine-swept porch. As I stepped on the floor I heard a cry—the cry of a child, worn and wrung with pain and weariness—a long-drawn, sobbing cry.

There was no answer to my knock, and the door did not yield to my hand. I ran around the house, looking for another entrance. At the closed side-door I knocked, then shook the door, calling aloud as I did so. All the windows were shut and barred, but from somewhere far within came again the child’s cry.

There must be some one within. I shouted with all my strength. Then I saw a figure among the trees some distance back from the house and hurrying toward it.

Forgetting everything else, I cleared the steps at a bound, calling, “Quick! quick! the bridge has gone down. A man is hurt—he is lying helpless by the river.”

The figure disappeared for a moment

in the thick shrubbery behind the house, almost instantly reappearing at the door I had vainly tried to open.

He had a small flask in his hand and with a dexterous twist he lifted one of the heavy wooden shutters from its hinges and was beside me on the way to the gates.

"How far to the nearest doctor's?" I asked.

"More than three miles—at Saint Etienne."

This, as we ran. He unlocked the gates without a word, left them wide, and was by my side again. Jack was lying as I had left him; his face, if possible, more death-like. We knelt beside him, and my companion tried to force a little brandy between the fast-closed lips. With sickening heart I watched the unavailing efforts. We loosened his clothes and felt for the undistinguishable heart-beats. He had at no time been wholly under water, for the face and one shoulder were dry. It had been the cruel crush that had done the mischief. One leg was broken, the other injuries we could fear. We tried the brandy again and again, but it was of no use.

The stranger replaced the flask and looked at me doubtfully.

"Are you strong?"

"Yes," I answered.

He placed the shutter close to the prostrate form, and carefully as we lifted a convulsive shiver passed over it.

Long after the details all came back to me. The strong gray-bearded man with clear, dark eyes—how gentle, how little seemed the effort, what an eternity to me before the friend of my manhood was placed on a bed in that strange, dreary house.

I record here that whatever Arthur St. Leon had been to his own, to us, the strangers within his gates, he was most kind, most thoughtful.

I could not but agree to his proposal that he should go for a doctor. I was utterly spent.

There is no need of dwelling upon the weeks that followed—the suffering, the weariness. It is enough to say that in unclouded splendor the September sun shone full upon the unkept lawn and wild luxuriance of growth inside the brick wall when Jack's blue eyes rested upon them.

One thing only separated those vigils from many that have been kept, and that was the accompanying watch in the rooms above—the watch with a suffering child. Sometimes there were hours when the stillness of those upper rooms was as the stillness of death. Then would come a fearful cry, a frightened wail, followed by "oh!" Such weary cries, finally dying away to moans more pitiful than anything I had ever heard.

At intervals every day and every night these mournful sounds were repeated. I wondered Mr. St. Leon did not speak of the mother and child. Surely it was a mother's soft footsteps that paced to and fro—none but a mother could so patiently endure. Why did they never come down to the lower rooms? Mr. St. Leon, to all appearance, lived alone. He prepared our food and drink, and for all that appeared to the contrary he passed the nights on a rough bunk in the kitchen.

He gave my friend the comfortable room adjoining, and I took what rest I could on a wide lounge in the same apartment.

He was often with us when Dr. Govin came, but I never heard him speak of the suffering child to him.

Finally I could bear it no longer. One morning when the Doctor had pronounced Jack better I said to him:

"And your other patient here, Doctor?"

The Doctor looked at me intently. Thinking my French accent was at fault, I repeated the question more carefully. The Doctor bowed gravely.

"I have no other patient here, sir. Mr. St. Leon is well—quite well."

"But the child—the child who cries so much," I persisted. "Do you not attend that?"

"Sir," said the Doctor, more gravely than before. "There is no child," and he was gone.

I could say nothing more, but I knew there were living human beings in the rooms above us—that is, in the rooms at the front of the house, though why secreted there I could not tell. That they were mother and child I did not doubt.

As the long summer days wore on matters became worse. The child cried more and more, and there was no sound of soft footsteps.

The night of the 27th of August I shall not live to forget. Jack was asleep and I was alone with him. I had been asleep, too, and when the crying awoke me I looked at my watch and found it half-past eleven. I listened for some time, then got up and looked out of the window. The moon was full and the sky wild with storm-clouds. A great storm was evidently near, though the night was still.

The crying continued, and I was now certain that only a young child—a baby—could cry so pitifully. There was no sound of footsteps and the situation was most distressing. Could it be that the faithful watcher, worn out, had at last given away? I stepped across the room and opened the kitchen-door, intending to speak to Mr. St. Leon. The moonlight flooded the room and showed it empty. I could do nothing. Mr. St. Leon was, of course, up-stairs, and I would not leave my patient. So I waited and listened. The cries and sobs continued, and after the old day was dead, I, for the first time heard a woman's voice in bitter weeping and supplication. It is impossible to describe all that I heard and felt, and even if I could so do, no one would believe.

It was one o'clock when above the roar of wind and rain—for the storm was at its height—I heard a cry of agony,

"Take her. O my God! take her," then all was still.

The perspiration stood in drops upon my forehead and I trembled like a woman. Jack stirred uneasily in his sleep and I sat down beside him, holding his hot hand in mine, and listened for Mr. St. Leon's return. The dawn had begun to struggle through the thick folds of cloud left by the storm when Jack awoke. He declared himself better, and with a sick man's restlessness desired to talk. He was determined to hear about Ned, and I knew the only way was to tell him the truth at once.

"Poor old fellow," he said. "Poor, faithful Ned—you—he didn't suffer long after you knew there was no hope?"

I shook my head.

He looked at me questioningly.

"You didn't let those wretched Frenchmen—"

I am not ashamed that it was an effort to command my voice to answer, "I shot him myself."

"Thank you," he said, and I essayed no words of comfort.

The early morning hours wore away, and about six o'clock Mr. St. Leon appeared. He looked pale and tired but went about his morning duties in his usual manner. By noon I could keep silence no longer. When the Doctor came for his daily visit I asked him if he would remain with his patient for ten or fifteen minutes, and upon his ready assent I followed in the direction I had seen Mr. St. Leon pass a few minutes before.

I found him in a ruined arbor at the back of the house, but the worn, white face he lifted as I approached made my errand more difficult.

"Mr. St. Leon," I said, "I must begin with an apology for intruding upon you." I felt my language was stilted and commonplace, but I was obliged to go on. "My friend and I were thrown upon your hospitality, and I have no words with which to thank you for what you

have done. You have watched over him as a father might have done, and you have helped me like a brother. Believe me, I am grateful. Suffering humanity has a claim upon each of us, and I feel the claim of the suffering child in your house, even as you felt the claim of my friend. Need I say more?"

The face that had been white was ghastly in its grayness now. Once—twice he tried to speak.

"You—you, too—O God!"

After a long pause he said, slowly and distinctly:

"There is no child in my house."

I drew a breath of relief.

"Then the little sufferer is at rest. I thought it was a death cry."

He looked at me. I pray Heaven that never again may such a look meet mine.

"No," he said. "The child is not at rest. Come with me."

He turned toward the trees behind us. I hesitated, but he waved his hand with the gesture of a command.

"It is but a step. You have left the Doctor with your friend. Come with me."

The well-worn path passed among the trees, and just beyond them in the open sunlight was a grave—such a little grave!

"Read."

I stooped over the tiny head-stone, and read:

"ESTHER ST. LEON,
DIED AUGUST 28TH, 18—,
AGED 10 MONTHS."

The date was nine years old.

"Now we will go back to the house."

As we retraced our steps, he drew from his pocket a key and held it toward me.

"Do not ask me any questions. This will unlock the front door of my house. In ten minutes after the Doctor's departure, I will come in and stay with your friend, and I give you full liberty to enter. Examine every room carefully, and

you will find no trace of human occupancy. No foot has trod the stairs since I came down the day after my wife was borne from the door."

"That was?"

For the first time he showed irritation.

"That was nine years ago."

He turned abruptly and left me. When I went in the Doctor gave me directions for the next twenty-four hours, —then, with professional caution:

"And yourself, Mr. Allan? You must not let me have two patients upon my hands. I should recommend a little tonic and more out-of-door exercise. Your friend is doing well—very well. Take care of yourself. Good afternoon."

Was I in the first stages of brain fever? I wondered. I found my mind clear enough on all other subjects, and could pursue a train of thought to its legitimate conclusion; but when I endeavored to grasp the problem last offered me, I could not.

Presently I heard Mr. St. Leon's step in the kitchen and joined him, closing the door behind me. I tendered him the key, as I said:

"I cannot go over your house this afternoon."

"Are you afraid?"

"I do not think I am afraid, but my nerves are unstrung, and I would prefer to wait."

"I thought—" he began, then changed—"I was afraid last night; I could not stay in the house. I will put the key here," and he hung it on a nail by the window. "Take your own time, but promise me that you will do it before you leave the place."

His voice had sank to a whisper, but it had the ring of intense agitation.

My answer was a promise.

It was, as I have said, in September that Jack was moved even as far as the window, and October frosts were in the air when I took him away.

A few days before we left, I went over the house. I left Jack and Mr. St. Leon together; Jack under the impression that I was going to St. Etienne to make final arrangements for our departure.

As I placed the key in the lock, I cannot say that the prospect before me filled my soul with delight, but I had passed my word. Though I had heard no sound from those closed rooms since the night of the 27th of August, I stepped softly into the wide hall, as if in fear of wakening a child.

I looked into the lower rooms first. Only three were furnished and they looked as the rooms of any dead home might look—after many days. There had evidently been some effort in the direction of adornment, odds and ends of fancy work, pictures, books, a bunch of dried grasses in a vase on the mantel.

I examined thoroughly every room upstairs—reserving the corner one nearest the kitchen and room we occupied until the last.

As I threw open the door, I confess I was startled, and my first thought was, "Mr. St. Leon has deceived me!" In the dim light from the diamond-shaped openings in the shutters it looked as if it had that day been vacated. I raised a window and opened the shutters wide. The outlook was indescribably lonely. Beyond the wall the river showed, dark and sluggish, and beyond the river, the pale purple marsh stretched drearily away.

I turned to the room; evidently its chief occupant had been a child—a baby.

The little bed was tumbled and the pillow showed the imprint of a tiny head. A white dress had been tossed upon it and the tiniest shoes I have ever seen had dropped on the floor by the bedside.

Near a low rocking-chair was a little heap of clothes and a dainty lace-trimmed coverlet—a pink stocking lay upon it and the mate was on the dressing-table.

I touched the pale pink atom rever-

ently. It fell to pieces, riddled with moths.

The bed and mirror drapings were streaked with mold; part of the wall paper had dropped and the clinging remnant was swollen like a living thing; the fireplace was red with rust, and dust lay thick upon everything.

I could well believe that years had passed since the room was occupied.

I need trouble no one with my thoughts upon the subject. I have given details thus far to show under what circumstances the letter came into my possession. The day after I turned the key upon those dreary rooms, Mr. St. Leon placed in my hands a small, flat box, saying, "I have no claim upon you, but I wish you—" he hesitated.

"You have every claim of gratitude and pity," I said.

He was majestic in his worn strength as he bared his head, saying:

"It is many years since one spoke of pity for me." There was silence for some moments, then he went on. "In this," touching the box I still held in my hand, "is a letter. Will you give it to the world?"

It was my turn to hesitate.

"I know of no means. I—"

He interrupted me, a sort of fierce eagerness in his voice.

"You are going back to your own city. Take it with you and offer it to some one. It is a voice from the dead—from the dead, I tell you, and it may do good."

His agitation was painful.

"I will do my best," I answered.

"That is all I ask," he said. "Let no consideration for the living influence you. I only am left and if a thousand unknown voices should curse me it would make my punishment no more grievous."

These were the last words Mr. St. Leon addressed to me on the subject, and they sounded in my ears when in my own comfortable room at home I opened the box and drew from it the worn pages it held.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PATSEY IN CAMP.

PATSEY was Irish, certainly, not a man in Stony Bar diggings but could have told that without hearing his voice with its unmistakable brogue, for Patsey carried the signs of old Ireland in his broad, sunny face and twinkling gray eyes and every motion of his small, wiry body. Irish to the back-bone, having only lately kissed the Blarney Stone, according to his own story.

At first the men were inclined to look with contempt upon the little fellow and joked him unmercifully.

Patsey held his own here, and even when he knew they put the worst jobs forward for him, he worked away with a whistle or song, and gave never a word of complaint.

He had only been among them a few weeks when they began to discover that Patsey O'Doogan held a secret they all should have possessed—the secret of perpetual good humor—but they never knew how brave he was until Frank Foley took down with the small-pox and the entire camp became alarmed.

"Niver a bit you run away," exclaimed Patsey. "It's meself that knows the ins and outs o' that ugly disease. You bring to the little yard victuals and I'll take him through like a daisy."

Thus Patsey was voluntarily installed nurse and kept his word, as the poor fellow did recover after a long siege and Patsey was once more among them.

"I didn't much mind the time lost, but there's me mother and sweet little Norah waitin' for me to sind 'em the passage-money to bring them out to America. But Patsey's the boy will catch up."

And he worked away harder than ever and saved in a way that if the boys hadn't understood why they would have deemed

mean almost. And now, instead of having the hardest places, he began to have lifts on the sly, for they knew he was too proud to accept them any other way.

Count his earnings as he would they came in very slowly, for board was high and winter clothes were needed now.

"Patsey, my boy, you'll freeze in this high altitude if you don't get some better clothes," advised Luke Lamont, the handsome young giant who seemed to have taken the little Irishman under his own wing.

But Patsey shook his head.

"It's niver a cint I'll spend for the like whin me mother an' Norah wait every day to hear from Patsey. It's Norah'll be weeping her pretty eyes out. And me to be buyin' foine clothes!"

About this time a little incident came to Patsey's knowledge that depleted his hoard of savings sadly; the good-natured old woman who did their poor cooking had a wild boy who ran away with all her ready cash. Patsey found her in tears one day and that was enough; he couldn't stand a woman's tears. When remonstrated with by Luke his reply was:

"It might a-been me old mother, to be sure, and if somebody hadn't turned up to help the old lady what would she have done?"

One chill night a fire broke out in the little camp and promised for a time destruction to the entire place.

And, as unexpected as before, Patsey came to the front. With shrill, sharp orders he compelled obedience, and system and work saved the town, with the loss of only a few shanties.

"What a boy you are!" exclaimed Luke, putting his brawny hand on the little fellow's shoulder. "You think so,

fast and so sure, the whole place would have been in ruins if it hadn't been for you. Yes and you are wet through! You are even now in a hard chill!"

And without more ado Luke flung his arm around him and half carried him to his own humble cot.

That was the beginning of a long spell of rheumatism. Poor Patsey, he could sit up in his bed, he could smile and talk, but the willing feet were swollen and could not walk a step.

"If it wasn't for me dear ones," he would say, trying to wink the tears back, "I wouldn't care a farthing. But I'll be better by the morrow. Patsey'll be at work in a day or two."

"Is Norah your sweetheart?" asked Luke, bashfully.

"Norah!" he cried, "Norah, mavourneen, is me sister; sixteen an' past and the purtiest lass in old Ireland. Her eyes are as blue as the skies and her hair is as black as the wing of the crow." Then he'd whistle a note or two of "The Wearing of the Green" fast and gayly, that his companion might not guess how his heart ached.

It was a full month before he was at work in his old place, and although his wardrobe had been replenished with odds and ends from the boys, he still betrayed the Irishman as plainly as before.

There was one thing that surprised him no little, on the site of one of the burned shanties a good, new house was being erected and at considerable expense.

"It'll be a daisy," quoth Patsey, viewing it admiringly, "but who's the lord or lady of high degree that's to live in such a foine place?"

Nobody could answer, and that was strange, and Patsey wondered no little over the mystery.

He coaxed Luke into writing a long letter to his sister Norah, and in it he told her what a good place he had, how many kind friends, and that he was saving all he could and when he had enough he would send for them.

It was the first letter Luke had ever written to a pretty girl. The great fellow almost blushed through the Western bronze, and only that it was to please and comfort Patsey would he have done it.

"And now," said Patsey, "I want you to tell her that whin I was sick a certain feller named Luke ——"

"I won't," said Luke. "I draw a line there, Patsey."

"She can read it," continued Patsey, innocently, "me lady up to Castle Creighey lairnt her that much; she fell in love with the child whin she first saw her an' she used to coax her away from home with pictures and books. Norah's a lady as foine as any in the land, so you just write her a bit about yourself. It'll be truth, yes know, an'—an' what would me-self have done if it hadn't been for you."

But Luke proved stubborn here, and with a quiet smile Patsey consoled himself by saying:

"I can't make you write, but you'll have to put a padlock on me tongue if I don't tell her whin I see her, that, an' all you fellows have done for a poor Irish lad."

Spring had come, the little camp took on a lively air, and Patsey joked and worked harder than ever; the stocking leg that contained his savings was really beginning to look fat.

They were blasting one day, when a dreadful accident happened to poor Patsey, partly his own fault, as the alarm came to "fly," but, true to his usual unselfishness, he waited until all the others were safe, and then it was too late. A huge rock crushed his poor leg and pinioned him for the moment under its cruel weight, then went tumbling down the mountain.

Luke bent over him with pale, sorrowful face.

"It's not so bad as it might be," said Patsey, cheerfully, "it might a-been me neck—and there's money enough to carry

me through, an' me mother and Norah must wait a while longer, that's all."

And he actually tried to whistle one of his old, jolly tunes, but fell back white and fainting.

Something unusual was taking place in that camp, something that, prisoner as Patsey was, he wondered much over.

He could see the new building with no owner almost completed. How pretty it looked in the warm sunshine, the handsome doors and shining windows. Other buildings were going up, a boom had taken place, and everything was on a rise but himself.

The boys, his old friends, went about occasionally in groups, and even the boss engineer of the mine came to see him, and asked about the mother and Norah over the water in such a friendly way, and shook his hand, at parting, so kindly, Patsey wondered more and more.

"Niver was any place like America," he said to Luke that night, "where, whin a feller tumbles over, friends pop up that tend him and treat him like a lord, and niver charge a farthing," for the doctor had that day told him his bill was nothing.

He was still unable to walk, when Luke came to his side one day, his face full of a strange, suppressed excitement.

"Patsey," he said, "there are friends here who want to meet you, friends that you have long wished to see."

"Friends!" exclaimed he, "show 'em in, and it's meself that will make me best bow."

But when the door opened and they came in the poor fellow only gave forth a joyous cry and fell to weeping, for who should enter but the mother and Norah he had supposed to be still over the sea!

Nobody knew just what was said at first. Luke closed the door and stood outside in the broad sunshine.

Then he went across the street to the new house, unlocked the door, and entered.

There were handsome carpets on the floors, curtains at the windows, chairs and tables, and some funny furnishings that "the boys" had insisted on donating. A stag's head over the mantel, a bear's skin on the hearth, rugs of every animal known, almost, and many of them costly and beautiful. A quaint little work-table, hand carved, that had been the work of one of their number when too ill to work but well enough to sit by the fire and so put in the tiresome moments of enforced confinement, around the sides was the words in beautiful letters:

"For Norah, from Patsey's friends."

In a recess of the really beautiful room stood a new piano, the gift of Frank Foley, who had strangely prospered, and who never forgot that in all probability the Irish lad had saved his life.

They carried Patsey across the street that evening on a mattress and placed him in the centre of that handsome parlor, and then Luke gave into his hands the key.

"It's yours, my boy," he said, "this new home, your very own, a gift from us all, to whom you have been the one unselfish, kindly being that has brightened and sweetened life at Stony Bar."

For once in his life Patsey lost his tongue, but only for a moment, then, waving his gay bandanna above his head, he replied, huskily:

"I crossed the ocean to a land where, without a cint in me pocket, doctors attend me, an' houses fit for a king to live in become mine, and, like a heavenly dream in the night, me mother and me sister come in, as if old Ireland was but next door. Surely 'tis all a swate dream from which I hope I shall niver awake."

"It's no dream, Patsey," said Norah, her kisses on his brow. "I heard all about it. Me brother is the king who dwells in the king's house. For the one who sent us the passage-ticket told us they did it as a slight token—so the letter reads—of all you had done to deserve it."

"Ah! me friend Luke," exclaimed Pat-

sey, a laugh in his eyes as of old. "You told Norah all about her poor Irish brother, but you left for him the task av speaking a good word for yourself."

At this Luke blushed and began edging his way through the crowd of delighted auditors toward the door, conscious of the laugh at his expense and of the beautiful face of the girl, unconscious of Patsey's real meaning, turned toward him with a world of thankfulness and admiration shining in it.

Stony Bar became a prosperous mining city, and Patsey lived to fully recover and to become one of its wealthiest and most valued citizens. If it hadn't been for his help, poor bashful Luke might never have been his fortunate brother-in-law. Luke denies stoutly that he popped the question for him, but Patsey says, with the twinkle in his eye that is convincing, he came so near it, "niver was anything closer an' to miss."

ABBIE C. M'KEEVER.

SYMPATHY.

I STOOD beside my dead. Friends gathered round,
They pressed my hand, and whispered in my ear
Strange phrases, meaningless it seemed to me,
My ears were sealed that I could not hear.

I stood beside the grave and looked within,
Where lay my hope and pride and trust and love,
And then they drew me from the brink away
And bade me lift my heavy eyes above.

At last I sit alone, it is relief
To shut myself away from all their dole
Of ceaseless words, their plans and promises,
That only try the more my weary soul.

Yet there was one who met me, held my hand,
Whose eyes were filled with tears because of mine,
Who only said, "I'm sorry for you, dear!"
Ah! that was sympathy, most tender and divine.

LILLIAN GR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

A GRAY AND WHITE KITTEN.

IT was when Kitty Wall was paying a two weeks' visit to her cousin, Maggie Mills, that old Mrs. Puss grew so fond of her.

Now there was all the difference in the world between these little girls, though they were both pretty to look upon, and Mrs. Puss was perfectly aware of the fact. Kitty was gentle and kind, and Maggie was often naughty and cross.

One day in came Mrs. Puss with the loveliest of her kittens, and giving a satisfied mew laid it down in the good little girl's lap.

"That kitten aint yours," cried Maggie, tossing her curls and growing red in the cheeks, "she lives in our place and you can't have her."

"Mrs. Puss gave her to me," said Kitty, "'cause my name's Kitty."

"She didn't! she didn't! she didn't!" screamed the bad little girl, and ran over to her cousin, but Mrs. Puss ran faster still, and seizing her kitten in her mouth lugged it off again.

"If Mrs. Puss was to give me one of her kittens, Aunt Annie," asked Kitty, "wouldn't it be mine, and not Maggie's?"

"If Mrs. Puss chooses to give you one, Kitty, why, of course, it's yours," said Maggie's mamma.

"You're going home to-morrow," screamed Maggie, "and I'm glad you're going, and I hope you never come here again."

"Mrs. Puss did give me one, Aunt Annie," continued Kitty, looking ready to cry, "and I was holding it in my lap, and Maggie she come, and Mrs. Puss runned away with it."

"Then some one will have to look it up," said Aunt Annie, laughing, "and have it all ready by to-morrow."

"You shan't have it! you shan't, you shan't, you *shan't!*" and out through the back door ran Maggie to tell Sam, the colored boy, not to *dare* to touch any of *her things*.

And the next day Sam declared posi-

tively, that 'deed *he* couldn't find *nary cat* and *kitten* anywhere.

"You're going without your satchel," called out Maggie, and Kitty gave a little scream, and exclaimed:

"Oh! my!" for her satchel was the most precious piece of property in the little maid's possession. She rushed back up-stairs even though Maggie stood in the hall and shouted after her:

"You'll miss the cars, you'll miss the cars," for she knew she had left her satchel on the bed.

There, curled up on the satchel, all ready to start, was the little gray and white kitten, and there, beside the bed, stood Mrs. Puss, saying as plainly as cat could say:

"You can have her to keep."

KATHARINE HULL.

RACHEL ADAMS'S CHARITY.

THE village of Marvel was a picturesque little place, separated by the broad common, two fields, and a long plank bridge from the city, and two fields again and a shorter plank bridge divided it from the stretch of forest known as Edgertown Woods. There was not a great number of houses in Marvel, the most noticeable being the tall gray mansion on the hill owned by a widow named Mrs. Rex. The second in pretension was the doctor's white cottage with its wide, comfortable balconies, and its diminutive windows way up in the roof. There was one row of houses built together in town fashion, sporting a pavement before them, against which the rest of Marvel was prodigiously indignant.

"The street car will come next," roared the old doctor.

"And the city taxes," sighed the rich widow.

"And the dust and the noise and the bustle," said the doctor's daughter, Rachel, gazing fondly at the green fields.

But, somehow, the street cars didn't come. The owner of the row of houses

was sorry that he had built, the stage jogged through twice a day. Old mammy down in her neat cabin declared, with solemn shaking of her turbaned head:

"Sho' as you lib I done ben cheated out de washin'."

Of course Marvel had the good sense not to urge war with the city across the fields; there were, on the contrary, decidedly friendly relations between the two places. Mrs. Rex spent several of the winter months in town, the doctor's boys attended a town school. There were visitors from the city, too, who helped to make things lively out in Marvel on a summer day, and there were generous-minded and charitable women who rode out by stage to see to and assist in alleviating the wants of life to be found in Marvel as well as elsewhere.

Mrs. Rex, on account of her wealth and her great house and her beautiful yard, undoubtedly stood first in the village, yet the doctor's daughter came in for a very fair share of public opinion.

Rachel Adams was a young girl who had had a good deal thrust upon her shoulders, and had borne up bravely under it. Her mother had died when she was thirteen, and, without a word from the doctor or anybody else Rachel had set to work to bring up the boys. She was seventeen now, and the boys were thriving; people said that their own mother could have done no better than Rachel. The doctor was getting old, and she had him, too, to care for. In person she was tall and fair with soft brown eyes, and brown hair worn smoothly over her temples. She had a womanly way about her, and yet in some things she was marvelously young. The boys worshiped her, and the little village of Marvel was always ready to bring her into its conversations, and talk and laugh about her in a frank and artless manner. Rachel was matter-of-fact, downright, and that she meant what she said the boys would assure you, and that she was always saying what she meant Marvel was well aware.

"Rachel Adams says that she doesn't believe in charity."

It was Miss Neil, the village dressmaker, who gave out this stupendous statement, and she was speaking to no less a personage than Mrs. Rex.

The widow laughed. There had been

no condemnation in the dressmaker's voice, and there was no malice in the widow's laugh.

Little Lily Rex, who was idly turning a fashion-plate, looked up with an expression of interest on her small pinched face. She loved to hear people talking about Rachel Adams. She did not know her very well, but she had seen her in church, and up at her mamma's once to tea, and in at the doctor's when she went for cough medicine; and she had always thought that she would like to be a doctor's daughter and look like Rachel, and have the boys to take care of.

Mrs. Rex had the shoulders of her morning gown taken up a little and then let down again, and then, suddenly catching sight of Tom Adams across the street, she repeated her laugh, and said:

"So she doesn't believe in charity?"

"No'm," replied the ready dressmaker, "she says it's degrading the people, she says if things was managed right there wouldn't be no call for it. She wouldn't give a cent to the society, and she told the minister that nobody on earth could make her believe that charity wasn't cold. And I don't know but what she's right," added the chirpy little woman, getting down on her knees and rapidly draping the skirt. Miss Neil had sewed in the city before she took up her residence in the row, and she had gone through with some things that everybody didn't know.

"Rachel Adams doesn't believe in charity, she wouldn't give anything toward the Christmas fund." Miss Lawrence had been going from house to house with her paper. She was almost through when she came to Mrs. Williams and she wasn't sorry either, for it was rather tiresome work.

"And so you've come to me," said Mrs. Williams, with a constrained smile. "I'm afraid sometimes I wish that Rachel would win the rest of us over to her way of thinking. I cannot give you much. How much are the others giving?"

"Mostly fifty cents or so, but I will be very grateful for twenty-five."

Mrs. Williams searched her pocket-book and gave her fifty cents, and then she inquired, languidly, what it was for.

"The poor children in town."

"Oh! yes."

And this is what Rachel Adams, who

didn't believe in charity, was saying as she sat in the midst of her boys.

"Do you know what I've been planning? A Christmas tree for all the children in Marvel."

Instantly there arose a clamor among the boys.

"All of us can help, can't we?" cried Joe.

Then Rachel's youthful side showed up. She jumped from her seat and was dancing joyously about the room when the old doctor entering caught her fondly in his snow-sprinkled arms.

"Well, what's the good news?" he inquired.

"A Christmas tree for Marvel, and not one bit of charity about the whole affair," explained Rachel, breathlessly.

The doctor pulled her hair, and pinched her cheeks, and called her "a miserable sinner" in a very affectionate voice, and then he sat down in his big arm-chair and patiently listened to the boys as they rolled out long price-lists of town toys, declaring over and over that Rachel said she would let them help, and what was the use of money if you couldn't spend it for pleasure.

The old doctor rubbed his hands together as he looked about with merry appreciation in his eyes. The spirit of the Christmas tree took possession of him as he watched the boys emptying their banks and earnestly counting their money.

Long after the boys were in bed he and Rachel sat there, as was their custom, the firelight lighting up the doctor's bronze slippers, showing how well Rachel looked after his comfort, and gleaming on the girl's brown head that was so much like her mother's.

"We will have it in the dining-room, won't we, Rachel, on account of the space?"

Rachel glanced up and smiled.

"The Christmas tree, I mean."

"Yes, father."

"And you'll help yourself freely out of the old doctor's purse?"

"Yes, father, thank you very much."

Again there was silence. By and by the doctor asked if she didn't say she was going to have all the children in Marvel, and she answered yes again and repeated it when he said, "Poor little Lily and all of them?"

Rachael's Christmas tree was the talk of Marvel as long as two weeks before it was lighted. Lily Rex talked about it to her big staring wax doll. Miss Neil talked about it to her customers. Every one was glad, the children of Marvel rapturously glad.

"Maud Barns and Lily Rex and me and everybody's invited," said Nettie Clay, pushing the troublesome curls out of her dancing eyes.

"And me and George and Mamie Brownson," said Sallie Wheeling, dreamily, "an' John, an' Harry, an' Lily Rex—"

"I counted her onct," interrupted Net, flippantly.

"An' John an' Susie an' me."

"Counted yourself twict, too; you and Lily Rex must be funny kind o' people."

"All de chillens in de place is a-gwine," explained old mammy to an interested friend. "My datter's lil boy says he's a-spectin' lil Miss Lily Rex an' all dem oder lil wite ladies'll make fun o' his new josey, but he's boun' fer to git to Miss Rachel's tree, he's boun' fer to do it. She come all round yere herself to invite him."

And Rachel and the boys and the doctor were enjoying themselves in no half-hearted way arranging the gifts upon the spreading pine-tree. A great many gifts, but none of them costly ones, a great deal of candy, but none of it sugared rose-petals and violets. The pans of cakes that Rachel baked for the Christmas tree nearly sent Joe Adams into fits. There was such a very crazy old woman dancing the merriest sort of a jig, there was a man with a large head and a liliputian body, there were girls and boys all shapes and sizes, little baby boys in long trousers, little old men riding on sleds. The doctor said that Rachel was an artist, and declared she must go to New York to perfect her education.

Never was there such a delightful Christmas tree to the boys. They were all Kris-kringles and they made as much of the position as possible.

Never was there such a delightful Christmas in Marvel. There were seventy-eight children, if the doctor counted correctly, crowded around the tree in the old dining-room, and one of the very happiest that went out in the Christmas night was little Lily Rex with the old

dancing woman among her cherished possessions.

"She aint much givin' to cha'ty, Miss Rachael aint," said old mammy. "De ladies from town dey was out an' bring me a gray blanket an' a pair o' socks fer to keep my feet warm. An' one ob 'em, de tall one wot wears glasses, she set dar as nice as yo' please an' read me a spell out'n de Bible, an' she read it real nice, too. After while in comes Miss Rachel an' 'pea'd lac I seen her boundin' ova de snow de whole way.

"I done bring you a Christmas present," says she. "I aint gone spent my money on cha'ty," says she. "I bed fer to save it up for Christmas presents fer my friends." An' she give me a new kerchief fer to put roun' my head, an' a new dress an' a mince pie an' some o' de turkey. Laws, pa'es to me, I felt nearer to Heaven w'en she was gone den I did wen de town ladies was yer. Dey was real nice an' one ob 'em she read real purty, but Miss Rachel do beat all de way she say she dove hev fer to save her money to buy presents fer her friends."

There was another old woman in Marvel to whom Rachel and the charity ladies had paid their visits. She was sitting before her fire in an arm-chair. She wore a comfortable shawl and a new pair of slippers. The minister had been reading to her. He put down the book at the end of the chapter and waited for her to say something. She was in the habit of asking difficult questions about the truths in the Great Book.

"Miss Rachel don't believe in charity," she began, in a quavering voice. She wanted to believe all that was in the Good Book, and the chapter had been teeming with charity. "The ladies is kind," she went on, doggedly, "but I like Miss Rachel the best. She come in here"—the wan face brightened—"she come in here a-bringin' me my Christmas gift. The ladies fetched me the slippers and said as they'd given round a hundred pair and said if I was careful they was good for a year, and I promised I'd be careful. But Miss Rachel come in with this beautiful shawl and throwed it over me, and never a word of anything, but she hoped I'd like my Christmas gift. Miss Rachel aint much for givin' in charity," she added, huskily. She

wanted so much to believe the Good Book she turned her dim eyes deprecatingly to the minister, and, lo! he was smiling.

"There is another and perhaps a better name for charity," he said, softly. "It is also called *love*."

LOUISE R. BAKER.

BLACK LAMBS.

IT was a little log-house, nestled among thick woods, so big and thick that the bright warm sun would scarcely have touched it if the trees had all been left there after the house was built. But they had not. One after another, as fast as a pair of strong arms could fell them, they had disappeared, until quite a large space was cleared around the house, showing that a thrifty farm was slowly growing in the wilderness.

It would be a lonely place for most of the restless, wide-awake children of to-day, but the three little ones living there were happy and contented. They had never known a better home, and besides they had a near neighbor. To be sure, the two log-houses stood two miles apart, but that did not seem far to the sturdy settlers, and the way had been traveled so often that a well-trod path led straight from one door to the other, and little Patty Sweed said she knew every step of the way there. She liked to travel that wood-path, for when she got to the end of it there was a houseful of lively girls and boys ready for a long play, and there were so many of them that they seemed to think of more fun than she could. But one morning Patty flew around the house as brisk as a north wind, for she expected to have grand times that day. Her mother wanted her to go over to Mrs. Jacob's for a pattern, and she could stay nearly all day, too.

After her share of the work was done it did not take her long to get ready, and she put Peggy Jane's best dress on in such a hurry that some of the pins stuck in the soft little body. But Peggy was made of cotton, so she did not cry or fret at Patty, and soon the two were going to Mrs. Jacob's as fast as Patty's swift feet could carry them. It was a pleasant path, but it could be a dangerous one, for the

thick, dark tops and strong limbs of the tall trees made capital hiding-places for panthers; then there were big logs and dark, shadowy grape-vine tangles near the path behind which Indians or bears could hide, ready for mischief. But all the Indians Patty had seen had been friendly ones, so she did not worry about them, and as for wild animals, why she forgot that morning that there was such a thing in or out of the woods. And they did not know that Patty was out that day, so they did not visit that part of the woods that morning, as they might have done had they known what a plump little maiden she was. Some of the children playing on some logs in front of the house saw Patty afar off and ran to meet her, with a shout that stirred up the other children and brought them all together, for Patty was a welcome guest, and tongues flew, and feet hopped, and the day seemed short whenever she was there. First she went to the house and told her errand, and just how long she could stay, for she tried to mind her mother and did not measure time with her hands and stretch it out to suit herself, as I used to.

Then she had to go and see some cute little kittens, and have a swing in the big grape-vine swing that swung its green leaves over their heads and whispered of the great plump bunches of grapes that it was preparing for them up among its branches. But the children did not listen to its stories, for they liked to tell stories themselves when they were tired of their other plays and wanted a rest. Stories were plenty in those days, but books and papers that now seem so necessary to our happiness were unknown articles in those rough log-houses. But story-telling was a favorite pastime with old and young in the long evenings or on stormy days, and those old stories were not like our new ones of to-day, but were thrilling ones of adventure, and stories of fairies and ghosts, for they believed in pale ghosts, and queer sights and sounds and strange warnings, and so their stories were exciting, if not always instructive. How good the dinner tasted, and how short the day was!

Patty thought it too short when she took up Peggy Jane and the pattern and started for home, with some of the chil-

dren as body-guard, for they always went as far as a certain log and there they stopped and said "good-bye," and waved their sun-bonnets and called over and over, "Come again soon." And Patty waved Peggy Jane wildly in the air and nodded and called back until the distance grew long between them, and then she and Dolly went quietly forward to the smoking-hot supper that always tasted good after play or work in the pure, sweet air. The sun was low behind the trees and the woods were gathering up the shadows ready for the coming night, and the logs looked a little bigger and blacker than they did in the morning. But Patty was not afraid of the shadows, although she did wonder what that woolly black bunch was down by that great log a little bit ahead of her.

She stopped still and looked, but it did not move or look at her. There was no use of standing there and looking, she had got to get past it if she could, and so she stepped softly on, keeping a sharp look that way. Suddenly she stopped, then tiptoed softly up to the woolly bunch. "Three little black lambs," she thought, and she wondered how they happened to be there fast asleep. Well, she would take them home and surprise her father, so she folded them up in her dress-skirt and held it tight so they could not roll out, and started on a run for home. She had not gone far when she heard an angry growl behind her, and looking back she saw a big bear coming after her with its mouth partly open. What should she do? She thought sure it would kill and eat her up, and then she thought of the "three little lambs." Perhaps if she gave it one of them she could get home with the other two. But she hated to give them up, so she hung fast to them, and jumped along, thinking maybe she could outrun the bear.

But the bear got nearer to her and another savage growl made her think there was no time to lose, so she grabbed a lamb and dropped it down. The bear came up and picked it up with its teeth and ran back to the log. Patty tried to run faster than ever, but soon the bear was after her again. It wanted another lamb, and when it was so close that she almost felt its breath, she dropped the second one. It grabbed it up and ran back again to

the log and Patty thought sure she could save one, for she was almost home. But before she could reach the little garden-path the bear was coming after her again. She looked toward the house, but no one was in sight, and then the bear gave a growl. Such a savage growl it was, and it sounded close by her elbow. She did not wait for another, for she thought of the big savage teeth, and she dropped the last lamb with a wild scream, for she thought the bear would want her next. But the bear took up the last wee lamb and trotted back again to the log, while Patty, crying with fright and grief, reached the house and rushed up to her mother.

"Shut the door," she cried; "shut the door quick, or it will get us, too!"

Her mother took a quick look around ere she shut the door and bolted it, but she did not see anything alarming.

"What was it?" she asked, and then

Patty, with many tears for the lost lambs, told her story.

"It is a good thing that you dropped them," said her mother, "for they are not lambs but little baby bears, and the old bear is their mother, and that is why she chased you so, and was so mad when you stole them."

"But they are so pretty and cunning," wailed Patty. "I wanted them."

"Pretty and cunning now," replied her mother, "but homely and ugly when they get big. You do not need them, so dry your tears. But where is dolly and the pattern?"

But Patty did not know. Somewhere between that log and the house she had lost them. When Mr. Sweed came in to his supper they told him the story, and he took his gun and started out after the bears, but he could not find them, but he found and brought home Peggy Jane and the pattern.

HOPE STUART.

"THE HONEST TRUTH."—Some persons pride themselves on being blunt, or, as they call it, "honest," but very blunt people do little good to others and get little love to themselves. The Scriptures recommend gentleness and kindness. There is nothing in all this world of ours half so mean as a vindictive and malignant disposition. Yet many Christians gratify this spirit and deceive themselves with the idea that they are rebuking sin. Christians should take heed of getting fond of the work of "rebuking." Such "spiritual constables" do a great deal of mischief without intending it. They are in the Church what a very witty and sarcastic person is in society, or what a tell-tale is in school, and approximate very closely to that class which the apostle terms "busy-bodies in other men's matters." Such Christians come in time to be regarded as nuisances in society, constantly to be avoided, and the little good they may do is thrown away. Our manner must be tender and winning. The nail of reproof, says an old writer, must be well oiled in kindness before it is driven home.

To simplify whatever is complex, to arrange whatever is confused, to make plain whatever is obscure, and to elucidate whatever is vague, is to lay the surest foundation for that serious attention and earnest interest which alone can secure valuable co-operation in every good work.

WHAT greater thing is there for two human souls than to feel that they are joined for life—to strengthen each other in all labor, to rest on each other in all sorrow, to minister to each other in all pain, to be one with each other in silent unspeakable memories at the moment of the last parting.

THE years do little for us if they do not teach us modesty, if they do not convince us how little we really know of humanity, of its desires and temptations, its motives and sources of action, if they do not show us that "There is some soul of goodness in things evil, would men observingly distil it out."

HOME CIRCLE.

LOG CABIN LIFE OF LONG AGO.

WHEN the pioneer families began to show the first signs of prosperity they used tallow candles, or tallow and bees-wax mixed. They were called "taller dips." Made by putting candle wicking of the right length on smooth little hazel rods that would hold eight or ten dips. Then the tallow was melted in a large kettle, and a few gallons of boiling water poured in to bring the oil to the surface.

Generally the woman of the house assisted by a neighbor did the work, which lasted all day.

The row of little linty candidates were, by a graceful dexterous swing of the hand, dipped into the tallow, one rodful at a time, and hung on a near frame to cool off, until the whole number were gone over. Every dipping increased the size of the candle. When they were large enough they were stored away after careful count in boxes.

How the two old dippers would sit with old faded clothes on tucked away out of the reach of drops of tallow, and visit! We always hailed candle-dipping day. They had so much time to talk, as they sat close together, crooning over neighborhood gossip and the stories of "when you and I were young, Maggie;" stories growing intenser in interest and thickly strewn with such links as "an' ses she's" "an' ses I's," sweeter to us than the fattest raisins in a pudding.

When announcement was made for a spelling-school or singing-school and the question was asked: "Who will fetch a candle?" none but the children of well-to-do parents could sing out, "I! I!" and they did it with a glow of most comfortable pride.

But if a candle "sputtered," ran down the sides and sized and winked, and pooh'd out angrily, and "guttered" down on to the shoulders of some young cavalier, or on to some girl's best cape or waist ribbon, the person who brought it there was disgraced. It went to prove that the

Millers or the Joneses were stingy—they had more water of which to make candles than they had tallow.

Presuming that a girl wanted to fix up the house to look real pretty and tidy, one of the points—not the least, either—was to have a good showing of dips.

She would cut a stick so that the bits of branches remaining on it were like hooks; on these she would hang perhaps a dozen candles, three or four in a place, and suspend this from a nail on one of the joists overhead. It looked rich and thrifty.

When tin candle-molds were invented it was a great stride toward luxury and refinement, and beside the smooth symmetrical mold candle, the lowly "taller dip" hung its head in abject mortification.

We remember when Bazzar Doolittle went out toward the lake and married Lydia Hunt, and brought her home, and old man Hunt carried her things in the go-cart, how grand the gay Doolittles did feel over her "settin' out!"

They bragged about Lydiar's stew-kettle, and hackle, an' two splint-bottom chairs, and a pair o' candle-molds that would run six at one time. And the way those candle-molds did go about doing good service was a caution until they came to an inglorious end.

Little Peter Hulett was sent to carry them home after his mother had used them. He was told to take the short-cut through the new clearing. It was full of stumps of saplings that had been cut off two or three feet from the ground. As he walked along, his mind dwelling on some of the old stories told by his grandfather about General Burgoyne, he became excited, he called every stump a red-coat and fought "the British" with the candle-molds clear across the lot.

This made a coolness thereafter between the families.

So, when fifty years later, Minnie Viola, granddaughter of Seth Doolittle, son of old Bazzar, married a great nephew, Clarence Mortimer, in the direct

Hulett line, and they bragged vociferously of "her settin' out," in which was a seven-hundred-dollar piano, we old folks drove a peg to the truthfulness of hereditary laws.

Clearing a piece of timber land, going into the wilderness and beginning to make a farm, was no child's play. Many of the first generation could not endure the toil, and it was common for the brave father to die and leave his family. He would take chills, drink teas of roots and bark, doctor himself; he would be half-fed and half-clothed, he could not make the yearly payment, he was far from home, he rarely received letters, he could not become acclimated—fever would set in, and he would die at the age of thirty or forty years.

When a man began to clear the ground he dug out by the roots—grubbed out, they called it—every brush that was small enough to be spanned by his hand; all over that size and under one foot in diameter he chopped; and all over one foot were girdled and left standing. After the brush and stuff was burned, and the logs chopped he made a "bee" and the neighbors came and they rolled and piled the logs in heaps which were burned afterward.

This gathering of the strong armed men with hand-spikes was called a log rolling, or "logging bee."

Then came that old-fashioned man-killer, the plow, called the "Wooden Mold-Board."

These plows were strongly framed with spirally concaved mold-board, iron point and shire, all bound together and to the beam with a heavy iron bolt, which made them very stout. Some of them had colters.

They answered a good purpose while the soil was new and mellow, but plowing new ground full of tough roots brought out the "cuss-words," even from good men.

A good old Methodist, whose daily life was above reproach, used to wrap his shins in dry hides and bundle up his body till he looked like an Esquimaux, and then, sometimes, he could not help swearing when a wicked root would fly out and strike him across the legs with great force.

He said he had a season of special

prayer in his own behalf every night before he slept.

For many years the wheat crop was all cut with sickles, a tedious way, but "many hands made light work."

But little was worn that was not made at home.

A farmer would sow half or quarter of an acre in flax every spring; this was called the "flax patch." There is nothing prettier than a patch of growing flax. The flowers are exquisitely beautiful—so delicate and airy, and the blue suggests the blue of a pretty baby's eyes. The green of the growing flax is likewise suggestive of airiness, of a filmy veil stirred by a loving breeze. It stirs into soft billows when the winds play in dalliance upon its surface of bloom.

But this is the poetry of the flax, the sober prose comes afterward.

When ripe it is pulled up by the roots, a little handful at a time, and, save the stooping over, it is not hard work, for it has little else than a short, slender tap-root, hardly striking into the ground at all. Every little handful must be tied up in a tiny bundle until the time that the seed is threshed out. Then it is laid on the grass until the woody part becomes rotten and brittle, and the fibrous part, or lint, separates from it easily.

Then it is ready for the "brake," a rude heavy machine that crushes it; and after that comes the "scutching" of it, and this was such hard, dirty, dusty work that a man or woman was made to resemble the Santa Claus character at our Christmas festivities.

This was work for poor old men, the old grandfathers or aged uncles who lived among their kindred and were glad to earn a little money and scutch flax long enough to pay for linsey or jeans for a pair of pantaloons.

We recall more than one of these dear old men—one of them, old Esquire Hill, a gentleman born, who came from Essex County, New York.

In the evenings after he was tidied up, and we children had picked every bit of tow off him, and brushed the shives from his white hair and snowier beard, he would teach us lessons in geography, spelling, reading and writing, and he did it with such pleasure to himself and profit

to the little folks. In sight of our window, among the cedars and the green myrtle he sleeps well, and nearly all his old pioneer neighbors are near him.

Another old man from Wendall, Massachusetts, did the same work for us, year after year—"daddy Fisher"—and when with five pairs of willing hands he was made fresh and clean and pinky every evening, he would lean back in his chair and reel off the stories about the "old Bay State," and brother Hosea and brother "Lewk."

And the joke was against us and we made ourselves ridiculous by offering him the biggest red apple in the basket, hurriedly saying:

"Here daddy apple, take a Fisher!"

The peals of child-laughter were uproarious over the mistake.

After the scutching came the hackeling, an operation that divided the flax from the tow. The hackle was an instrument something like a brush, only instead of bristles it was a set of long, slender, sharp steel teeth. A handful at a time of the scutched flax was combed through this, and the combings was the tow. The straight, sweet-smelling, silky flax was left remaining in the hand of the one who hackled.

For very fine soft linen only flax was used in the spinning and weaving. This was for dresses, aprons, underwear, men's fine shirts and pantaloons; and some women made pillow-cases, fine sheets, rare towels, and very choice things out of it. But flax chain and tow filling was for common serviceable use. It made a beautiful cloth and could be bleached as white as snow.

For dresses the colors were copperas and white, the cloth woven in stripes or checks, with sometimes a side-stripe for change. There is nothing softer and sweeter to the touch than fine home-made linen, perhaps because every thread meant so much of toil.

Flax was always spun on the little wheel, and tow likewise, until the Yankee women introduced the manner of carding it by hand-cards, which were held in one's two hands on the knees. It was carded into shapes that were called "bats," a folded-over process, a bat reminding one in shape of a fish dressed and cleaned ready to cut in pieces.

The flat silky-gray bat was held in the girl's left hand, and she walked slowly back and forth and spun a nice thread from it on the big wheel.

It was pretty employment and we always loved it. Boys and little children would look on and say, "Why, the thread 'pears to come slipping out o' the end o' the bat ready-made!" and so it did seem as we held it gently between the thumb and forefinger of the left hand while the right turned slowly the great round rim of "mamma's wheel."

The little wheel was a cunning invention for those times when men did not invest much in speculations. And the man whose brain evolved the inestimable boon gave a gift just when it was most needed. This little wheel was driven, with a rapid motion, with a crank to which a pedal was attached with a cord or band. The spindle was driven by two bands, one of which ran a little faster than the other, giving a compound motion to the head, or spindle, so that the thread was winding up while the twisting was going on.

Any person who has seen a weaver weaving rag carpet—and there is one in every neighborhood—will understand how weaving was done in old times. The machinery and plans, such as harness, reeds, shuttles, quills, swifts, bars, reels, and everything are about as they were then, only more convenient.

It was a time of excitement in a family when the mother was planning the plaid for each of the girls a new flannel dress.

They would discuss. They would tip their heads sidewise and cock up their eyes like jay birds when they were arranging the colors, the style of the check, the quality, what reed it better be woven through, and whether so many yards would allow the grown girls to have an extra breadth in the skirt or not.

The wider the dress-skirt the tonier was the girl who swung it. It was a mark of style. It proved that she was as good as the best of them. It looked rich. It savored of prosperity. A poky dress-skirt meant "real stingy."

Sometimes the full skirt could hardly be, by hook or by crook, by gather or plait, got on to the waist. But it was put on "all-ee same-ee."

Often there would be four colors in the woven dress plaid—red and blue and black

and brown. It was a fine bit of artistic skill and taste to arrange the colors so they would harmonize. But the woman of the house, the power that made things move, whether or no, would go on thinking and thinking, until finally it came.

Perhaps she would see the plaid shawl that the circuit-rider's wife wore, or the lining in the jacket back of the old doctor when he was out digging fish-bait, or the gay colors in some old man's camlet mantle that he had brought all the way from over the mountains, and she could plan the "dress flannen" better for these hints.

If they had set their faces on red, blue, black, and brown, the important event of dyeing the warp and filling came next.

The red was dyed with madder, the dye wet up with bran water, using alum as a mordant. If the madder or "mather," as some of the old Jersey grannies would pronounce the word, was of a good quality and the yarn was frequently lifted and aired during the process of dyeing, a dark, bright clear color was the result, with the proviso that it "wa'nt crowded in the kit-tle." But if they tried to make the madder do more than its share the color would be dim, dead, dingy, and all the alternative was to dye it some darker color to save its reputation.

Blue was a slow process. It was done with indigo in the dye-tub that stood in the warm corner and—spoke for itself. If it was good, lively dye, capable of making a fine blue, it put on grander airs yet and manifested itself after a fashion of its own. Well, there are better ways now, tidier and speedier, to color blue.

Black was an easy dye, made with hulls of green walnuts, maple bark, and cop-peras.

Brown was obtained from butternut bark, a beautiful, clear, sunny tint that never faded.

Women had one trouble, but it seems to us now that they did not take it to heart very seriously, that of getting good fits. No woman's dress "set well" in those days. How could it? They all used the same pattern. Old Ruth Flint, tall and angular and bony, and stooping forward as if hunting four-leaf clovers all the time, had her dresses cut over the pattern that Pinky Backus got of Sally Pope, and Sally cut it over Becky Peterson's, and Becky got it from 'Liza Jane Lincoln,

and she cut it over an old dress that her cousin sent her from the Ohio River, and every maid, mother, aunt, cousin, and niece of them wore dresses cut off that pattern. One would say, "I guessed at the buzzum of it;" another added, "two fingers' weadth;" another laid a fold down in front, and another always had to throw her shoulders back and walk kind o' proud-like to keep the pins from bursting out.

We remember once when a girl started home dressed in her "best bib and tucker," a tall, thin girl who run the little wheel from Monday morning till three o'clock Saturday afternoon, as she got over the seven-rail fence in front of the house her whole back burst out like a snowy light biscuit. Every pin bent, pulled out, or doubled up like a fish-hook.

She laid her reticule on the door of the stone out-door oven and came back grinning. "It was that dratted old Cook pattern," she said; "I 'lowed a whole inch down the back, but it ought to 'a' been two inches."

And with the utmost complacency she took a butcher knife, proceeded to the hawthorn tree below the garden, cut off a handful of thorns and had the offending dress pinned up as tight as a glove before she started again.

While the women of those busy times really did lack the skill that comes from close planning, they had a great deal of self-reliance.

A woman who could snatch down the old musket and fire at a deer or bear with good aim and keen eye and steady hand was not a bit afraid to undertake the job of making a silk bonnet. We watched her. She took the frame that had belonged to a bonnet worn in the days of the Revolution, straightened it, made the wire fit snugger, and then began. She sewed the silk round the front seam inside, same as when she made trousers—carried it back, tacking it down here and there, cleverly, and finished it up—whistling as she sewed—by a very clumsy, rude pucker at the tip-top of the crown. She turned it over, held it off, whistled cheerier than ever, and then finished it by covering a large overcoat button with black silk and fastening it into the pucker. Did it just as if it wasn't put there to hide a bad job of work.

Then she frilled some old black lace and sewed it inside for a face trimming, whistled a little more and was just as satisfied with her millinery as she was with her pone-loaf, her blue yarn of her own dyeing, or the stump she had dug out of the door-yard herself.

ROSELLA RICE.

NEEDLES FROM THE PINES.

DUST and dirt and cobwebs! Smoke in the winter and flies in the summer make the housekeeper's life a busy, but not a too happy one. For drudgery is tiresome; so tiresome that I am always on the watch for something to lighten it, or sweeten it, or make me forget how disagreeable it is. I wonder if every one knows the beauty and usefulness of sal-soda. A dish of it ought to stand on every kitchen work-table, for it will dissolve dirt and grease, and sweeten and brighten up things in an easy, satisfactory way. Some writers say that soap should never be used in washing dishes, but we like plenty of good soapsuds for our dishes, with plenty of hot water to rinse them in. And dishwashing time is one of the times we need and use sal-soda.

If some of the old tins get a little rusty, we scour them up with sal-soda. On baking days we wash the baking-tins, and then put a little of the soda in each one, and rub thoroughly in the corners and cracks, on the sides and bottom, then wash again, rinse, and wipe dry. That way they are sweet and clean, with no old grease left in to flavor the next baking. A little lump of soda in the spiders, kettles, and pancake griddle will make those homely articles pure and clean. Clean the kitchen work-table or sink with it, put some in the mop water, and clean windows and woodwork with it. If the milk strainer gets clogged up, wet and rub thick with sal-soda, let stand a few minutes, then wash. If not perfectly clean, repeat the dose. It is the quickest and nicest way to clean a strainer. And if you want to clean the inside of a lamp, fill it full of strong soapsuds and put in a lump of the soda as big as a small marble; let soak awhile, then wash in another suds with a little sal-soda added, if the lamp is a bit greasy. My small

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girl says that when she gets big, and keeps house, she is always going to keep and use sal-soda. Five cents worth will last quite awhile, and will save more than five cents worth of time and labor. One day when I walked into a neighbor's, I saw a big dish-pan full of dirty ketchup bottles waiting to be washed, for the time to fill them was near at hand, and so that job of bottle cleaning must be added to the rest of the housework. I did not wonder that the girl looked sour, for they had laid in that dirty dried-up state so long that they would need plenty of time, patience, and sand for the cleaning. Now that style of work is unnecessary, even in a busy household, for the best and easiest way is to clean each bottle or fruit-can as soon as emptied. Put the bottle or can on the dish-table, and when you wash the dishes, wash that, dry it and put away, and it is all ready for next year, and will save time and temper when the hot canning days stretch out long in the land. Often a clean bottle is wanted in a great hurry, and if you have one all ready, it will save the expense of buying one, and "a penny saved is a penny earned." We have to buy our sage, and it is often tedious when we are in a hurry to stop and pick out the stems, sticks and straw, before we can rub the leaves fine for the turkey or chicken-dressing. A nice way is to pick out the stems, then rub the leaves fine, and put them in a tin can, or big mouthed bottle, close tight, and there the sage is, ready for use at any time. Parsley-leaves can be washed, dried, and packed away the same way, ready for the winter soups. For the winter days are so short that if one gets up late, the meals crowd close together, and the work of one seems to step on the heels of the other.

It is generally my good—or poor—luck to live in a house without a cellar. Now a cellar is a very handy place to keep some of the good things in that form part of our daily living. But a damp cellar is not the best place for canned fruits, for the dampness is apt to cause mold. And a pantry is apt to be too warm. Now one year when I was wondering and fretting about a suitable place for my canned fruit, an acquaintance told me that she kept her canned fruit in a dark closet under the stairs, that it kept good

there, that none of it ever worked or soured. Well, I tried it.

My closet was under the stairs, and opened into a bedroom with one window. I put my fruit in there, setting all of the cans on the floor. I kept the window up day and night, until cold weather, unless it stormed too hard, and each night the closet door was opened to let in the cool, fresh air, and in the morning it was closed to keep out the warm air and light. In that way the fruit was kept cool and dark, and I never had fruit keep better.

It is a good plan to throw a dark cloth over tomatoes canned in glass, for the light will fade and sour them.

Now, while we are on the tomato question, did you ever make any green tomato ketchup? It is good, ever so much better than no ketchup at all, but not quite as nice as the article made from good, ripe tomatoes. I made some one year, because I like to know how everything tastes, and besides, I am always in hopes that the new will be better than the old. Well, sometimes it is, and then again it is not; but the old experiment never catches me about so often, and I al-

ways learn something before I get through.

Life would be a tame affair if we knew it all in the beginning and had nothing to learn. Do you want to know how I made that green tomato ketchup? Well, I made it just the same as I make it from ripe tomatoes, only, instead of straining, I chopped the green tomatoes just as fine as I could get them, then put it on the stove, seasoned it with salt and pepper and all kinds of spices, put in sugar and a little vinegar, and when cooked tender, put it in wide-mouthed bottles and sealed tight. It tasted very good the next winter when we ate it with meat or beans. I have found out that a great many things, not really cared for in the winter, tastes good in the spring, when the system craves a change of food.

Then the sharp, spicy fruit or pickles taste good, and I often wish I had a little more. If you happen to have a little more than you need, and it will not keep through the year, and you cannot or will not sell it, just pass it along to some one that will relish it. They will enjoy eating it, and will think a great, big pleasant thought about you.

HOPE STUART.

GUARD THY WORDS.

WHEN dark clouds gather thickly over thee,
And all of love seems lost in anger's night,
Beware, lest thou shouldst utter one false word
That shall forever dim the gladsome light.
Do not despair,
And soon thy peace will dawn serenely fair.

How many aching hearts are there whose pain
Was caused by cruel words, and many a joy
Is lying low upon its burial bed,
Slain by the sword that ever will destroy.
Speak gently then,
And over thee sweet hope will surge again.

IDA ESTELLE CROUCH.

HOUSEKEEPERS.

"ANOTHER SANDWICH, PLEASE."

A JONQUIL SUPPER PARTY.

"SHE GAVE THEM SOME SUPPER."

IN a small Western city delightful "supper parties" are frequently given and enjoyed more than an old-time elaborate entertainment costing work and worry as well as an ill-afforded outlay of money by those possessing moderate means.

For a jonquil "supper party" served at nine o'clock to a number of artists and literary friends by a charming hostess, the long table was covered with a yellow tablecloth, heavy damask, woven in jonquil pattern.

The napkins, matching the cloth in color and jonquil design, were three-fourths yard square and embroidered in white and quaint lettering with appropriate quotations and mottoes. Among them were:

"Bread is the staff of life."

"Another sandwich, please."

"Cut us another slice."

"She gave them some supper."

"She lived upon victuals and drink."

"Feed not upon us, the oyster cried."

"Spread the butter thin."

"All the bread and cheese was kept upon the shelf."

"Nothing to do but eat strawberries with cream."

"Porridge hot, porridge cold, porridge nine days' old."

"Sugar and spice is very nice."

"Pepper and vinegar are, indeed, very good."

"There's bread and cheese in our store."

"Some gave them plum cake."

"Spread the jam thickly."

"Preserve us. Ply us with sweets."

These napkins are unstarched and folded in a plain square to show the mottoes.

The decorations were three large glass shallow bowls, holding jonquils, ferns, and myrtle sprays loosely arranged.

At each end of the table two tall candlesticks, each holding four wax candles, pale-yellow shaded by little shades of the same color, were placed.

Refreshments simply served.—Brown bread and sardine sandwiches, salmon and celery salad, sliced lemons, thin bread buttered and rolled, railroad cake with cranberry sauce, celery salad with egg dressing, cold veal with parsley and gooseberry jelly, cold boiled ham with horse radish and sliced cucumber pickle, crackers, coffee, bread, cake.

Cut the bread, both Graham and white, into thin slices, roll part, having buttered each slice, and fold over part, triangular fashion. Select light, sweet, and not stale loaf, also the very best butter.

BROWN BREAD AND SARDINE SANDWICHES.—Cut fresh brown bread loaf very thin, butter lightly, drain the sardines from oil, remove all bones, strain through a sieve, spread over the bread, and fold over the slice.

SALMON SALAD WITH CELERY.—One-half pound shredded and boned cold boiled salmon, one-half as much chopped celery. Rub smooth the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs in one tablespoonful salad oil; add one-half coffee-cup each sweet cream and cider vinegar, one teaspoonful sugar, also of mustard, one-half teaspoonful salt. Pour lightly over salmon and celery; arrange over the salad the sliced whites of eggs and curly celery leaves.

Sliced lemons should be served in quaint sauce-plates after having been pared and seeded. Sift over slices granulated sugar.

RAILROAD CAKE—One pint sweet milk, one pint sugar, three eggs beaten separately, one and a half teaspoonfuls good baking-powder, one teaspoonful lemon; stir in sifted flour until the batter is the consistency of pancake batter; pour into a hot buttered pan until covered; bake quickly; spread with cranberry sauce, then roll while hot. When cold slice thin and serve in cake basket.

COLD VEAL WITH PARSLEY.—Add when nearly tender to the boiling veal one cup dissolved gelatine. When well cooked pour into an oblong shallow dish. Slice when cold, arrange upon a platter in tiers, placing over each tier stray leaves of parsley. Around the edge of the platter drop spoonfuls very tart green gooseberry jelly.

BREAD CAKE.—Two coffee-cups raised dough, work into it two cups sugar, half of one nutmeg, one-half cup chopped raisins, one-half cup currants. Put it into pans; let it rise one hour or until light and bake in hot oven.

Fruits in season may be served in pretty plates or baskets.

The beauty in these simple supper parties lies in the hostess being able to offer a dainty and enjoyable "supper" which has not worn her down mentally and physically to prepare. She may feel fresh enough to enjoy the bright conversation of the nice people collected about her table, who may eat heartily without detriment to their "dyspepsia," weak digestion, and other ills.

Speed the day when "swine"-like crowding to luxuriously-loaded tables and gross feeding is not considered to be the principal feature of an evening's hospitality. "Is not the life more than meat and the body more than raiment?" etc.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

THE GASOLINE STOVE A BOON, BUT SHOULD BE CAREFULLY USED.

HAVING just watched the destruction of seven handsome houses by fire, and the heroic firemen, who found the wind and flames almost too much for them, brave serious dangers, we fear more than ever before, a "bad fire."

Into our own house a lady, apparently dead, was borne, homeless, penniless, and one of the victims, being an inmate of the third story of one of the houses.

The houses were frame, very dry, and burned like tinder; few household effects were saved.

This wholesale destruction was occasioned by the leaving lighted a gasoline stove in one of the houses while the "hausfrau" had gone to a neighbor for a "few moments." When she returned flames were bursting out at the roof and windows.

It is dangerous to leave a lighted stove with no one to look after it, though one may feel that all is perfectly safe.

We run risks when the stove is worn and rickety. We have seen dilapidated stoves recklessly used, when their owners knew that it was not safe to use them.

And they should be kept clean, not allowed to get gummy and oily.

A salesman said to us, "We warn you that this stove is a dangerous one if not carefully looked after. The children should not handle it. If used with care, it will prove a blessing. No more perspiring over hot coal fires, and heating the house upon an August day, until it is almost unendurable."

The absent-minded person, and those possessing short memories, need to be especially careful when using the gasoline stoves, as, when pressed with work, they may forget to be careful.

With the blackened heap of ruins before my vision, which were at sunrise seven handsome houses, and the groans of a tenant at death's door, carried from one house into another only to be routed out by the flames, it is small wonder that we preach caution and care.

ELLA GUERNSEY.

A MAN'S best help is himself, his own heart, his resolute purpose. His personal work cannot be done by proxy. A man's mind may be aroused by another, but he must mold his own character. What if a man fails in one thing? Let him try again. He must quarry his own nature. Let him try hard,

and try again, for he does not know what he can do till he tries.

UNLESS we truly desire to help our neighbor, let no words of reproof or even admonition escape our lips, for we may be quite sure they will do only harm and not good.

NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

Well-tried recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to women are cordially invited for this department, which we have reason to believe most of our readers find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have opportunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking any information they may desire. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

HELPS FOR "MOTHER."

AS the holidays approach there is scarcely a man, woman or child who does not secretly wonder what fortune has in store for them in the way of receiving and bestowing presents. There is no doubt at all but what "mother" will find something for each of her flock, even though her pocket-book may be very slender. The turkeys which she fed and sheltered so carefully through all the cold rains may have given little profit, and the "butter money," which gathered so slowly during the sultry days, melted away very rapidly when the girls saw the latest style of winter hats and cloaks, yet she contrived to remember all. And now, girls, if you have not means at your command to buy expensive presents, can you not—where there are several of you, particularly—club together, save your pennies, and make a few articles that will help her—oh! so much! to keep everything handy and in its place? We are not much of an advocate of cretonne furniture, but an old dish-pan, so far past its usefulness that the bottom has long since agreed to part company with the rest, may be covered with cretonne, and serve the purpose of a work-basket admirably. Draw the outside cover tight around the pan, bringing it over the top and plaiting inside—or the inside lining may be of red silesia, which is prettier. After shaping, the seams can be sewed up on the sewing-machine, the cover turned, and slipped over the pan, before doing which stitch several pockets to the lining. The bottom of an old pan or pail, covered,

pressed down tightly, and fastened with strong thread serves in the place of the original one. It will take but a short time to prepare this work-basket, which will not fall to pieces though loaded with a dozen garments waiting for patches.

Now, examine "mother's" work-box and see how woefully "run down" the contents have become. A battered old thimble, a darning needle, a meagre stock of thread, and not one hair-pin. You have often wondered why she displays so little taste in arranging her hair; she fastens it up "almost any way," so the girls can "bang" and "friz" and "pompadour" elaborately. Look at her everyday shoes; she was not "raised" to wear buttoned ones, so she gets a pair of broad, stout laced ones that will wear as long as possible. The strings are worn out long ago but they are tied in knots again and again. Don't look disgusted and think you will never wear such shabby affairs! You may, unless the next generation of girls are more thoughtful of mother's comfort. Her toil-worn hands are blistered trying to cut out garments with a pair of shears that have perhaps been dulled clipping hair-pins; she goes without everything that can be, in order that her "girls" may have the more.

Now, just think over a list of articles that will fill the pockets in that new work-basket nicely. A box of hair-pins, pins, needles, thread, a new thimble, pants and dress buttons, a bunch of shoe-lacings, hooks and eyes, and a new pair of shears. Then get her off to grandma's, patch up every wearable garment, and neatly pile them in her basket; darn the stockings and put them in the cretonne stocking-bag that you will make to match the basket, and see if you are not happier for the one day you have spent wholly for "mother." Dear girls, she will work for you—it is natural; but make that work a pleasure by heartfelt thanks, loving words, and assistance of your willing hands.

AUNT HOPE.

[Although well-knowing from obser-

vation that this is no fancy sketch, we are quite as sure that our girls are as a rule selfish only through thoughtlessness and need but gentle admonitions to remind them of their duty. Despite many assertions to the contrary, love for the dear, patient mother is inherent in the heart of every girl, and often requires but a touch (such as "Aunt Hope" has given) to awaken to true, earnest life.]

CHILDREN'S HATS.

I should like to "add my mite" by telling the "HOME" mothers how to make durable and inexpensive as well as pretty hats for the little folks. Take carpet warp of any shade desired—mine was dark-brown—make a chain of four stitches, join and crochet around, using any stitch preferred. Widen so as to keep the work flat until large enough for the top of the crown, then crochet without widening until the crown is of the required height. Next, widen for the brim, being careful not to get it too full. When of the required width break the warp and fasten securely; wet the hat thoroughly in melted glue, not too thick, wring slightly, and place on a block to dry. When nearly dry press with a warm iron, laying a cloth over, and when quite dry give a coat of white varnish to prevent the glue becoming sticky when wet. Trim in any way desired; nothing can be neater, however, than a band of pretty ribbon tied in a generous but not too large bow on one side. You will be surprised to see how pretty a hat may be made for a very few cents; it will wear well, too.

"LIL LEE."

[That "yawning waste-basket" did not come near "catching you," and your next knock at the door of the "HOME" need not be so "humbly and fearfully" made.]

A WELCOME VISITOR.

DEAR EDITOR:—May I come in? I have not visited with "HOME" house-keepers for some months but have profited from "Notes" given by many of them. I tested the method given by Clara E. Otis for fastening on knife-handles with

resin and am much pleased with the result.

When the season for eggs to be scarce and high comes around again do not fail to test the editor's recipe for "eggless cake," given (I think) in the December, 1889, number. I found it entirely satisfactory. One cannot detect the absence of eggs.

I trust that all the sisters are familiar with the art of making good coffee. If any of you are in the habit of "boiling over" the old grounds, adding a little fresh coffee each time and emptying the coffee-pot once a week, or perhaps not so often, don't, I pray you, do so any more. Coffee, to have a delicious flavor, must be made absolutely fresh every time, with fresh, boiling water, and should be drank inside of twenty minutes after brewing. Don't "heat up" what was left in the coffee-pot from the last meal and add it to the fresh, for by such means the whole is spoiled. But you do not wish to throw any away. Very well, let me tell you how to manage so that none will be wasted and still you may make fresh coffee each meal. Have a little bag made of cheese-cloth into which put your ground coffee (we take it for granted that it is of good quality and has been properly roasted), have the bag large enough to allow room for the coffee to swell, tie it up, pour on boiling water—which should not have boiled long—in the proportion of one cup of water to one tablespoonful of coffee; let it boil not longer than five to seven minutes; set it back where it will keep hot, and serve as soon as practicable. You will have a delicious beverage and, on account of the grounds being confined in a bag, every particle of the liquid can be used, and there is no waste. After the meal empty and wash both bag and coffee-pot, hanging up the former to dry for use next time. Of course, good cream is one of the essentials.

The following recipe for lemon pudding is both inexpensive and delicious: The juice of one large lemon or two small ones, a cup of sugar, two eggs, three well-rounded tablespoonfuls of flour, and one pint of rich milk. Mix the flour and part of the milk to a smooth paste, add lemon juice, sugar, yolks of eggs well beaten, and the remainder of the

milk—rinsing with the latter the dish in which the yolks of eggs were beaten in order that "nothing be lost"—line a shallow pan with a good paste, pour in the custard, and bake in a hot oven until done. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, spread over the top and return to the oven to brown slightly. It may be eaten with cream or is very nice without.

MRS. S. M. KELTY.

HONEY AND OTHER SWEETS.

DEAR "HOME" FRIENDS:—I wish to tell you some things I have learned since I was with you last. Having some honey which we did not like to eat in the comb, I mashed it thoroughly with the potato-masher, placed a wide-mouthed tunnel over a glass can and over this a small strainer; into this I dipped the honey to drain, putting in fresh comb as soon as the first looked dry. The comb I removed to a crock which, when all was drained, I placed over a kettle of boiling water, covering both kettle and crock. In a short time the wax had become warm and separated from the honey; I let it get cold and took the wax from the top, leaving a pint of nice honey, a little thicker than the other, in the bottom. The wax may be melted, poured into small cups or halves of egg-shells, and will tans make a nice addition to the work-basket.

MOCK CREAM COCOANUT PIE.—Scald three cups of milk, beat three eggs (reserving the whites of two, if wished), with two heaping teaspoonfuls of corn-starch stirred smooth in a little milk; cook this mixture in the boiling milk, remove from the fire, cool, and sweeten and flavor to taste. Add half a cup of cocoanut which has been soaked in milk for an hour, and stir thoroughly. Line pie-plates with good paste, bake until nearly done, pour in the custard, bake to a nice light-brown, spread the top with soft frosting, place in the oven to brown lightly, and let cool before serving. This is nice without the cocoanut.

PINEAPPLE PIE.—One can of pineapple, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of ground allspice, and three beaten eggs. Chop the pineapple, mix the ingredients well, put all in a pie-tin lined with nice

crust, and drop several small lumps of butter over the top before putting on the top crust. Any one who is fond of pineapple will find this excellent.

TEA CAKE.—One cup of sugar, one-fourth cup of butter, one egg, one-third cup milk or water, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of baking-powder, and flavor to suit. Bake in small cakes or a loaf; eat warm.

M. J.

BITS OF GOOD ADVICE.

I had a call from a little neighbor of mine the other day, and perhaps the few hints I gave her may be of benefit to other "HOME" housekeepers who, like her, always engaged in teaching or similar work, have had little time previous to marriage to learn the duties of housewife.

I got out my basket of clothes which needed some mending, a stitch here, a button there, and my little neighbor said:

"I wish I knew more about mending and darning; I can sew on the machine a little, but am not good at mending."

I said: "For one thing, I should advise you always to do as I am doing to-day; look over your clothes as they come from the ironing, and do not allow them to be put away in want of repair. It is such a provoking thing for a man to find a shirt minus a button when he wants to put it on" (my little neighbor blushed), "and if we lay away clothes without attending to these things we are apt to find that we have donned a torn or buttonless article when, perhaps, we are too much hurried to make a change."

So our pleasant chat went on until tea-time came, and I begged my little neighbor to remain. She enjoyed the meal much apparently, particularly the cold meat, which rather puzzled her. I told her how to prepare it, and for the benefit of other "HOME" readers repeat the recipe here: From the butcher get a fore-shank of beef which, with all the meat on, will weigh several pounds. Have it cut in three pieces across, and boil for three hours, or until very tender in as much water as, when cold, will cover the meat to a depth of three inches or more. Take it out, remove all the

bone, pour off the broth to see that no small pieces of bone are in the bottom of the kettle, mince the meat very fine, return it with the broth to the kettle, season with salt, pepper, and a large tablespoonful of ground allspice, add a pint or so of boiling water to make up the loss if your fire has been very brisk, boil about fifteen minutes, then dip into oval or round vegetable dishes or bowls and put away to cool over night. Slip a knife carefully around the edge of the dish, turn upside down on a plate or platter, and if your work has been successful you will have a nice, solid mold of fine meat, intermixed with jelly—something which we call "shivering Davy." Cut in slices about half an inch thick it is delicious for lunch or tea, and saves cooking, being always ready; try it. I got the recipe from a dear old Scotch lady; it is inexpensive, and it is so easy with this at hand to get up a meal for any one dropping in unexpectedly.

AUNT OLLIE.

HOW TO MAKE AND FRY A GOOD DOUGHNUT.

Two large eggs, one and one-half cups granulated sugar, two cups sweet milk, four teaspoonfuls sweet cream, or two of melted butter, one raised teaspoonful of soda dissolved in three teaspoonfuls sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar, one-fourth teaspoonful of ginger, one-third of a grated nutmeg, a pinch of salt, flour enough for a dough just sufficiently stiff to handle without sticking.

First, put to heating the frying fat, containing a cup-sized lump of sweet beef tallow to every two quarts of lard. Roll the dough one-fourth of an inch thick, and cut with a cutter three inches in diameter, with an inner cutter of one and one-half inches. This gives a generous sized doughnut, and also cuts little round pan-cakes sufficiently large for frying, saving the re-kneading of scores of diminutive circles, which makes needless work and over-stiffens the dough.

See that the edges of your cutter are sharp and true, and with smoothly-welded seams, else the fried cakes will be "wobbly" and ragged. Heat the fat as near smoking hot as it can be and not smoke. Turn the cakes but once in my rule; we think if both sides of a frying

doughnut are prematurely crusted over it prevents it from rising so light as it otherwise would. Fry the little pan-cakes by themselves, saving time by lifting them from the kettle with a skimmer. Drain the sizzling hot doughnuts sideways as you spear them from the fat. If to be dusted with sugar shake them about in it as soon as taken from the kettle. Avoid smearing your frying fork with sugar, however, else it will result in the formation of black, ant-shaped excrescences on the next batch of frying doughnuts.

CLARISSA POTTER.

NOTELETS.

DEAR EDITOR:—In "Home Decoration and Fancy Needlework" in our Magazine for November, I notice a handkerchief or scrap-bag with diagram for shaping the lambrequin. Now, as I know of a much simpler way of making such a bag, may I "drop a line?" Take a large silk handkerchief (a square of India silk, if preferred, answers the same purpose), fold the points or corners in until they meet in the centre, thus forming a second smaller square; baste lightly in place, make a run around the outer edge about one inch in, and another a little below this, for a draw-casing, run in a "double-draw" (having one string on each side) of cord or narrow ribbon, finish the points of the "lambrequin" with chenille or metal ornaments, and you have a very pretty bag for work or whatever you please to use it for, with the least trouble.

GOOD WISHER.

DEAR EDITOR:—I wonder if any of the "HOME" readers can give me a cure for sore eyes. My little girl is much troubled in this way, her eyes becoming very easily inflamed, and I shall be grateful for any tested remedy, knowing that I can depend on it if it appears in this column and is vouched for by any "HOME" sister.

MRS. L. P.

[As a rule, if there is serious trouble with the eyes a specialist should be consulted. One's eye-sight is far too precious to be trifled with. The following prescription, however, has been personally tested with so good results that we have

no hesitation in giving it. Certainly, it is a valuable remedy, simple and inexpensive, though efficacious, and one that has acquired more than local fame since "old Dr. Williams" began compounding it in his Boston pharmacy, years ago: Borax, thirty grains; camphor water, three ounces. Saturate a linen rag with the lotion and bathe the eyes frequently, occasionally letting a few drops fall directly into the eyes. Another remedy which can also be personally vouched for is as follows: Take as much sulphate of zinc (white vitriol) as will equal a kernel of wheat in size, put in a bottle three ounces of clear rain water, shake until dissolved, and drop a very little in the effected eye. It should make the eye smart a very little. It is well to test the lotion, as the sulphate seems to vary in strength; if too great a smarting is produced, add more water, if none at all, more sulphate. Once in three hours is not too often to use the medicine at first, and if the eyes are severely inflamed they should be bandaged or given perfect rest until they are strong enough to bear the light with-

out pain. Use the lotion every night before retiring until the eyes have recovered their full strength. This is excellent, but we should advise Dr. Williams' eye-water in all ordinary cases.]

I have a new piano, which, when purchased, had a beautiful polish. The varnish seems to have tarnished in some way, however, and the wood has a dirty, cloudy appearance which no dusting will remove. Also, what is the best duster for such highly polished wood? Perhaps my methods are in fault.

PERPLEXED.

[Try the following: Wipe the tarnished portions with a chamois skin or a soft cloth, slightly dampened, then with a dry, soft cloth, taking care that it is perfectly clean and free from dust; next rub thoroughly with a very little sweet oil and turpentine, removing this by a last rubbing or polishing. An old silk handkerchief, washed in clear water sufficiently often to keep it free from particles of dust makes an excellent duster.]

LACK OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Many men seem to have no faith in themselves, consequently no assertiveness, no independence, no pluck, and no push. They are afraid to stand up and speak for themselves, preferring to lean on others; they are afraid to make an investment because of the possibility of failure; they are afraid to tell what they can do, as they might make an error in doing it; they are cowards in every sense of the word. This is often the result of early training. A boy naturally timid is kept in the background so persistently and his mistakes are so severely criticised that he grows up into an entirely useless man. Push and fixity of purpose will always bring a measure of success.

UNLESS we can recall our past self, with its opinions and convictions, its intentions and motives, its ignorance and knowledge, we cannot judge it justly; and, unless we examine the results of

past actions in the light of present intelligence, we shall make no improvement in the future. These investigations, made in the spirit and the love of truth, will reveal to us not only new visions of what is wise, but new standards of what is right.

WHAT we call retribution is the universal necessity by which the whole appears whenever a part appears. If you see smoke, there must be fire. If you see a hand or a limb, you know the trunk to which it belongs is there behind. Every act rewards itself, or, in other words, integrates itself. Crime and punishment grow out of one stem.

THE passions, appetites, and desires, kept under due restraint, are a useful and felicitating part of our nature; but if they are allowed to rage with unbridled fury, they commit fearful ravages on the character which they were fitted to adorn and exalt.

HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

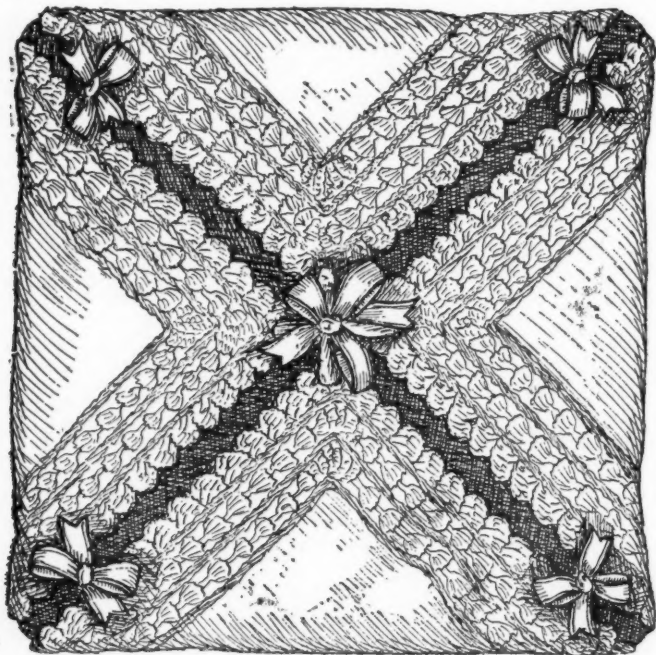
WASHABLE COVER FOR NICE SOFA PILLOW.

THE sofa pillow herewith illustrated shows how those who can neither embroider or paint may make a handsome decorative pillow for a sofa or lounge, provided they understand the use of the crochet needle.

First, a large square pillow is made and covered with plain satin. Then the outer

cover is folded over the cushion as shown, the points nearly meeting at the centre of the upper side; satin ribbons, laced through openings in the edging, are tied in careless but secure bows in the centre and a little way from each corner, thus making of the cover a snug-fitting case much ornamented on one side and nearly plain on the other (the uppermost side when in actual use).

When once arranged and the ribbons



WASHABLE COVER FOR SOFA PILLOW.

cover or edging is made of a square of soft twilled linen which is finished on all sides with a narrow, invisible hem to which a crocheted lace edge is neatly sewed; the edge is fashioned after the pattern given in this article, which is open enough to show the bright satin through its meshes and yet firm enough to lie smoothly and stay in place. The trimmed square is nearly as wide as the width of the cushion from corner to corner diagonally. The

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tied and cut, it is best to secure them permanently to the cushion by setting a few stitches in each where it passes straight over the cushion under the bows; they are thus kept in place ready to be retied whenever the cover is to be replaced after having been removed for cleansing.

The cushion sketched has an ecru-tinted cover over deep red satin, pure white over gold color, or cream-white over old-pink or blue would be pretty;

the ribbons may match either cushion or cover.

BON-BON OR CAKE DOILY.

EVERY housekeeper who cares for dainty table service and napery knows too well the neatly decorative effect, and the real service gained by the use of pretty embroidered doilies to need

purposes, for instance, eggs in a nest of straw worked with yellow silk for an egg doily, a stalk of growing tasseled corn or an ear of corn with the husks laid apart for a corn doily, a branch of growing fruit or a cluster of berries for fruit or berry doilies.

The pretty doily of our sketch was intended to be used with a little dish or



BON-BON OR CAKE DOILY.

to be influenced in their favor by any commendation or praise of their good qualities that might be offered. One cannot well have too many of them. It is best to have a supply suitable for general use, such as the plainly hem-stitched doilies decorated with neat monograms, tiny floral sprays, or scattered blossoms or berries, and a few designed for special

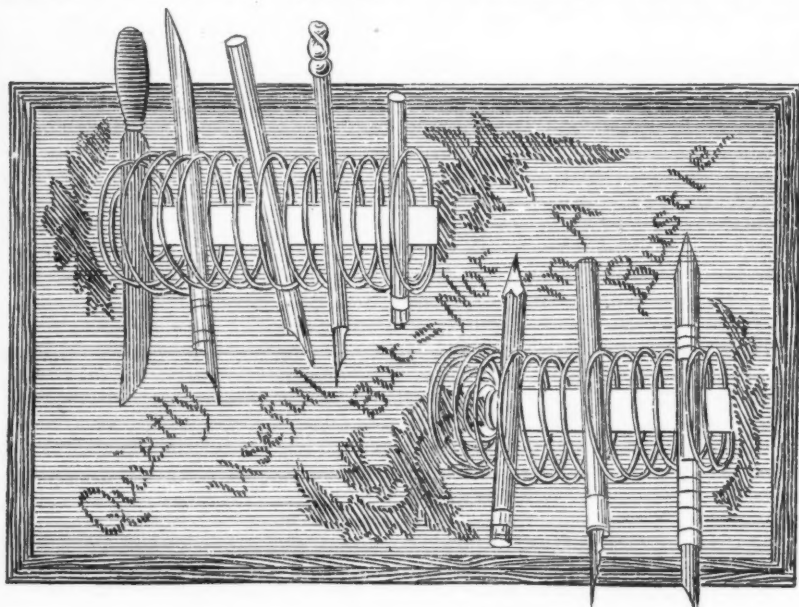
basket of bon-bons or fancy confections of any kind, but it would be equally appropriate when serving rich fruit cake, preserved or candied fruits or honey. The small square of fine but firm linen-lawn is fringed (but might be hem-stitched if preferred), and bordered with a row of delicate feather-stitching in fine wash etching silk.

The familiar quotation—which always carries the mind back to the days when Mother Goose made our sweetest music—is worked, diagonally across, in close thick outline stitch or rope stitch with coarse silk of the same color. Yellow, olive, warm brown, and dark blue are all pretty and more durable than delicate shades, and usually blend well with surrounding colors.

A suitable—but well-worn—quotation

of a bustle.” One of the girls removed the two small side-springs from a discarded bustle and one of the boys (who was in the joke) made the panel out of an inch-thick piece of butternut wood oiled and polished (but many other kinds of wood would do as well).

The girls painted the scrolls and the inscription in shades of brown—tube colors in oil—the thin, narrow bands of wood inside the springs were painted to match



PANEL-SAFE FOR PENS OR PENCILS.

for another doily would be “Sweets to the sweet,” and for another, “Sweeter than honey in the comb.”

FRANCES H. PERRY.

PANEL-SAFE FOR PENS AND PENCILS OR ARTISTS' BRUSHES.—A pen and pencil-safe like the novel panel herewith represented would be a very useful and acceptable gift to offer one who has much office-work or writing of any kind to do.

The model was designed as a “birthday joke” on a gentleman who, in his detestation of the follies of fashion emphatically declared that “every bustle and bustle-wearer ought to be consigned to a reformatory,” that “no good could come

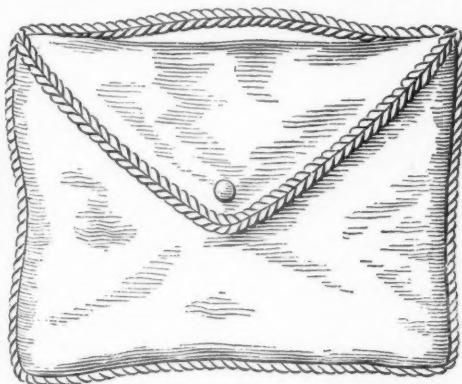
the scrolls but are left uncolored in the sketch to show more plainly just how the springs are confined. The small end of the spring where it is wound more closely than the rest is at the top and lies flat on the panel; one end of the narrow confining-band is tacked snugly down over it, the spring is pushed up evenly under the band just closely enough to allow a pen-holder or pencil to be pushed in between the rounds, and a slender tack is driven in between each round to the bottom, holding the spring so securely that it cannot be moved.

When completed it was tacked up conveniently by his office table, every pen-holder and pencil to be found lying about, and even a tiny paper cutter, was slipped

into it, and it was left there to be "quietly useful" to him and to puzzle him for a long time with its "not very lucid inscription," as he sarcastically termed its message before he discovered its double meaning.

However, it was pronounced "remarkably convenient," and was constantly in use, and, after his enlightenment, was called by him "that triumph of mind over matter—a nuisance changed to a blessing."

Another style which is much handsomer and more easily made is just as serviceable for feminine use and would make a pretty gift for the holidays. The panel is of heaviest card-board covered with black velvet (not to show ink stains);



CARRIAGE OR RAILWAY CUSHION.

one spring only is used and that is first firmly sewed to a short covered strip of whale-bone and then sewed securely to the panel, taking the stitches through to the back side, where another narrow whale-bone is placed against the front one to aid in supporting the spring and prevent the tightly-drawn thread from cutting through the panel; a narrow velvet band or a narrow ribbon finished with a small square bow at top and bottom is passed up through the spring to cover the whale-bone and stitches. The other decoration may be painting or embroidery and "Retired from the bustle of life" would be another suggestive inscription. A girl who loves to paint would be pleased with one of these panels for a Christmas gift,

for they also form nice holders for paint brushes.

CARRIAGE OR RAILWAY CUSHION.—

Only a plain and unobtrusive little member of the rapidly-increasing cushion family is herewith presented for approval. It may not be striking, but, like many things small and plain, it is of great intrinsic worth, and if given a chance will surely win its way. It is a pillow cushion for carriage or railway use; it is usually ten by twelve inches, or twelve by fourteen; it is filled with down and covered with material to match that with which the owner's carriage is upholstered, with black velvet or with smooth soft wool goods of any kind. The outside is fitted smoothly over the inner pillow-cover and seamed together at the sides; the overlapping pointed flap is tacked down and a small flat button is added which helps to give it the appearance of a bag, but it is only a harmless deception (though the flap might admit of a pocket if one cared to risk anything in one so likely to be tossed about and "sat upon"); the edges are finished with a neat but inconspicuous braided cord; for a short distance along the middle of the upper edge the cord is left unattached, a loop or carrying-strap being thus produced. Soft, plump, and light, nothing better can be devised with which to fill some troublesome hollow in the carriage seat, side, or back, or softly pad some tender spot that cannot be jarred or jolted with impunity. Hanging from the corner of a high chair-back, it supplies a grateful rest for the tired head, or tucked down by the side it gives comfortable support to a slender form in a rather too capacious seat; they are also handy to take in the lap when the little ones' tired heads begin to nod for a traveling nap.

They are generally plainly made to attract attention as little as possible, but are occasionally trimmed with appliqué work and cording, or with overlaid laces tacked securely down, but nothing hard or bunched should be added to them or anything that will necessitate careful handling, as in their use comfort is the one object to be sought.

FRANCES H. PERRY.

FASHION NOTES.

UNDOUBTEDLY we have passed, and are passing, through a revolution regarding style of cut. We are slowly but surely moving backward to the days of many years ago. In no change is this so apparent as in tailor-made bodices. These are no longer very short on the hips, but are speedily becoming quite deep, so that the basque or cross-piece which fits on the bodice falls well over the hips, after the manner of the Chesterfield coats. Rumor says that we shall revert to the old Marquise modes, with deep waistcoats, just cut up a little to make them sit well, or left unbuttoned, and long coat sides. With them will come lace cravats, and tall jeweled sticks, and three cornered hats, and we shall hark contentedly back to the romantic age of "puffs and patches," surely one of the most becoming there ever was.

With regard to skirts, the plain one has held its own, and will do so still for knockabout useful gowns. It will have the sheath back for the major part, with its plaits almost meeting at the top, and then spreading outward; but the severely neat box-plaits will also flourish, more so than the organ-plaited or waterfall drapery. Several of the leading modistes and tailors are diversifying their cloth creations with braid trimming, whether applied by hand directly on the material, or stitched on in the form of *passementerie*; also with fur—namely, astrachan and the close, smooth kinds, such as beaver and seal. Plain braid is popular, and likely to remain so, for when it takes a fresh lease of life, it clings to it tenaciously; and another very *chic* trimming is ball gimp.

Any one of these is applied to the skirt at the extremest edge. I have seen a plain serge frock, trimmed with ball fringe of oxidized silver, headed by a narrow edge of braid in the same. Gold, too, is extremely smart, and is present on every bizarre dress.

Fringes are becoming most fashionable. They are met with in chenille, silk cord, thick coarse cord, narrow or wide, mostly

the latter; for the trimmings of gowns, and for mantles in the pencil kind, composed of long taper cones of wood, in combination of velvet and silk, and but seldom with an admixture of beads of jet.

Bodices show a tendency to fasten down the back in the centre, but happily folds of material are permitted both back and front, to take off what would otherwise be an almost wearisome plainness, even with perfection of fit. Sleeves are becoming moderated in bulk and height, excepting on evening gowns, where chiffon, *crepe de Chine*, and *mouseline de soie* still hold undisputed sway. We shall soon welcome back black lace for evening wear, and very glad will many of us be to do so.

How about mantles and jackets?

Well, undoubtedly there are great changes here. As early as a year ago there was a decided attempt made to restore the three-quarter length coat back to public estimation. But it was found that women would not relinquish their neatly-fitting tailor-made short coats, or the easy-going full-fronted ones, without a struggle.

To glance at millinery, it may be taken as an all-round guide that flatness is still to reign, but that it will be a flatness relieved by feather trimming, by plumes, birds, and wings. Cocks' feathers are also to be found on the first models, particularly as a neatly-made flat trimming. We shall find also astrachan beading, terry velvet (an ancient friend), narrow velvet ribbon, and color everywhere.

Velvet and cloth alone, or in combination, cover many of the shapes, which are round disks, slightly conical, or puckered shapes (the former are the newest). Felt is popular, but not so *chic*.

On page 85 are two jackets. The former is made of fine beaver cloth, with the collar, front, and sleeves handsomely braided all over. It can be worn open or closed, according to the temperature, and is equally effective either way. With this is worn the "St. Malo" hat, a new

Parisian shape in felt, trimmed with two long ostrich feathers. The "Cowes" is a with it, is of the new black fancy straw, trimmed with bows of black and of



smart little tailor-made coat of all-wool cheviot, very effectively braided. The "Cowes" bonnet, which goes admirably

poppy-red ribbon velvet, and two small black birds. This bonnet has strings to tie at the back. The "Clovelly" costume,

sketched on the same page, is a plain but stylish one of all-wool navy blue serge, trimmed with black military braid.

items. One is a charming dress of plain red cloth, combined with a plaid in which the red is tempered with tones of gray



Our artist has sketched on page 87 what may be called two representative

that are repeated in the pretty passementerie and *motifs* that are so clearly shown

in the illustration. The other is a most beautiful mantle of black *velours du roi*, and broché, with handsome side-panels of

rather a complete dress than a mere mantle.

Page 86 shows a dark-blue plaid dress,



velvet, on which the silk passementerie shows up in every detail. The high sleeves are remarkably *chic*, and it is
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trimmed with buttons and dark-blue velvet. The next dress was made of gray frieze, buttoned on to a black velvet vest,

with upper sleeves of velvet. The mantle was of black velvet and broché, trimmed

with black ostrich tips round neck, front, and sleeves, and was very taking.

PUBLISHERS.

STORIES OF NAVAL ADVENTURE

By the Admirals of the United States Navy, and stories of military adventure by the Generals of the United States Army, will be among the many attractive features of the *Youth's Companion*, during the coming year. Among the contributors are Admirals Porter, Luce, Gillis, and Kimberly; among the generals are Brooke, Howard, Brisbin, and Gibbon.

Statistics show that ninety-five out of a hundred men fail in business sooner or later, and the cases in which a firm sees fifty years of business life are extremely rare. It is certainly then a noteworthy case when a house dates its existence back to the close of the Revolution, as do Walter Baker & Co., Dorchester, Mass., who began business there in 1780, and for a hundred and ten years have made their productions the standard of purity and excellence all over the world. The immense increase in the consumption of their Breakfast Cocoa is largely due to their sagacity in setting and maintaining the standard of absolute purity in its production, thereby insuring its perfect healthfulness and the highest degree of nutrition. No chemicals are ever used in its preparation, but only the action of the cleanest and most exact mechanical processes upon the best materials, and at the Paris Exposition the gold medal for absolute purity and excellence was awarded to W. Baker & Co.'s preparations by the most eminent scientific authorities of Europe.

DUTIES OF PARENTS. One of the most important duties of a parent in bringing up a child is to prevent the child from doing itself harm. The child does not know, for instance, that unlimited

sweets and sours injure the digestion and impair the teeth, the mother does know it, and it is her duty to have the child's supply of sweets and sours limited. The child does not know that the opportunity of getting knowledge at school, if neglected, is not likely to return, nor that its future happiness and success depend very much upon its improving the opportunities which its school now affords; the parents do know these things, and it is their duty to persuade, urge, and if necessary, to compel the child to study.

In all delay there is loss, and while we cannot compute or measure it, we may rest assured that it is one that can never be made up. Therefore, if we mean to pay our debts, to discharge our obligations, to accord love, honor, gratitude to whom they are due, to render help or sympathy to those who need it, let us do it promptly and without delay, for only thus can we be truly faithful and just, loving and true.

If there is any place where thoughtlessness is utterly inexcusable, it is where through it we strike unnecessary pain into the lives of others. No thought is too deep, no care too great, no self-restraint too strong to enable us to avoid adding to the burdens and sorrows and sufferings that already afflict mankind.

A STRONG will, a patient temper, and sound common sense, when united in the same individual, are as good as a fortune to their possessor. Barring untoward accidents, the man endowed with these qualities who starts on his career with a determination to reach a desirable position does reach it.

"A child no more! a maiden
now—
graceful maiden with a
gentle brow;
A cheek tinged lightly, and
a dove like eye;
And all hearts bless her as
she passes by."



KATHERINE.